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The Nation.

January 26, 1985 $1.25; U.K. 65p

EDITORIAL

HIS LAST INAUGURAL

Presidential inaugurals have a way of promising more than fate will allow or human endeavor can deliver. Who could have known on January 20, 1961, that John Kennedy's stirring appeal to optimism and his call for sacrifice would end in war, assassination and racial conflict? Twelve years later, Richard Nixon inaugurated his second term with promises of peace, détente and prosperity. No one predicted that the Watergate scandal and the threat of impeachment were imminent.

Reagan's last term begins this week with an extraordinary mixture of hope and fear: hope among his supporters that he will establish a new order of conservative government, an unbridled market economy and an impressive imperial presence; fear among his opponents that he will succeed. Not since Franklin Roosevelt's second term began nearly a half-century ago has such anticipation of radical change in American public life centered on the Presidency.

We may be helpless before fate, but human endeavor is entirely susceptible to political influence. The left and liberal community, which identified the dangers of Reaganism at the beginning and fought sporadic and often dispirited battles against it over four years, now has a major task ahead of it, as David M. Gordon points out in this issue. Only serious and sustained efforts can organize local constituencies and a national consensus against social inequality, economic aggrandizement, regional division, cultural repression and foreign intervention.

The power and the glory of the Presidency seem overwhelming on Inauguration Day. The parade, the prayers and the galas are meant to convince us that the Reagan Revolution has won. Nothing of the kind. History has a way of breaking the promises of those who believe they have mastered it.

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Dell Hymes

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Andrew Kopkind

UP FROM THE ASHES—I

FOUR MORE YEARS—A LOOK AHEAD

DAVID M. GORDON

Although Washington insiders are calling Ronald Reagan's election victory the shortest-lived mandate since William Henry Harrison's and are jockeying for position in 1988, we still face four years of right-wing government. We asked David M. Gordon to kick off Inauguration week with the first installment of a three-part series on prospects and strategies for the left. —*The Editors*

This week we begin four more years of a brutish, bumbling and yet triumphant Administration. For progressives and the left, this is hardly a time for celebration.

The fears vary. Many worry that Reagan's landslide represents a lasting victory for Reaganism, that the Administration's magical mystery tour will create an enduring legacy of regressive economics, adventurist foreign policy and vicious social assaults. Others suspect that we are careering into a relatively unpredictable postconservative environment, full of high technology and global competition, which will render progressive strategizing either academic or anachronistic.

While both fears are plausible, I don't think events will bear them out. Reaganism is vulnerable, laced with contradictions; the future is not so hopeless that we should start making funeral preparations.

This series on progressive options begins, therefore, with speculations about the shape of the near future, projecting what appear to be the most important domestic and global developments affecting our opportunities over the next

(*Continued on Page 79*)

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LETTERS.

A SELECTIVE ACCOUNT

Cambridge, Mass.

In his review of *The Abandonment of the Jews: America and the Holocaust 1941-1945*, Aryeh Neier praises David S. Wyman's book as "meticulously documented . . . first-rate history" ["Bad Faith," Dec. 15]. I find those statements quite surprising. It seems to me that in at least one respect, Wyman's book stands out as a meticulously *selective* account of the tragic course of events: although it brings out evidence about the abandonment of European Jewry by the West, it completely neglects to mention similar failures by Jewish leaders—Zionists and non-Zionists, in the United States and Palestine. That, one would think, is more than a minor flaw.

To begin with, the book says that Rabbi Stephen Wise disclosed information about the Nazi plan to exterminate European Jews in a November 24, 1942, press conference. It also mentions that the rabbi and other Jewish leaders had known about the plans since August yet chose not to publicize them. Wise is reported to have received "credible" information about the Nazi plans on August 28, 1942, which led him to contact Sumner Welles, the U.S. Deputy Secretary of State. The latter requested that publication be withheld until the information was "verified" by the United States. Wise agreed. The public announcement came, as we know, three months later. In the meantime, hundreds of thousands of Polish Jews were murdered.

At no point does Wyman question Wise's decision to suppress the precious information for so long. That is puzzling not just because Wyman acknowledges the credibility of Wise's sources but because it is known that reliable information about the Nazi plans and actions was available to Zionist leaders in Palestine in the middle of 1942. They, too, suppressed it, and the official announcement in Jerusalem was made on the same day Wise made it in New York City. (A mere coincidence?) All this is demonstrated beyond doubt by Sh. Beit-Zvi in his book *Post-Ugandan Zionism in the Crisis of the Holocaust*, published in Tel Aviv in 1977. Nothing concerning the role of the Zionist movement in this sad story appears in Wyman's book.

Also missing is the tale of Rabbi Michael-Dov Weissmandel of Bratislava and the Nazi officer Dieter Wisliceni. The latter stopped the deportation of the Slovak Jews for two years (1942-44) after receiving $50,000 from the Jewish community through the rabbi. Weissmandel then began negotiations to extend the deal to other areas of Europe. The Nazis demanded $2 million for extending the rescue operation, and Weissmandel sent desperate letters (which arrived) to Jerusalem and New York, pleading for help. It never came, and the transports of Jews continued.

Wyman's book, which will probably be read by many, plays the right tune to the ears of those who take anti-Semitism to be the sole source of evil, and who do not bother to attend to (and who, in fact, suppress) anything that might reveal Jewish or Zionist flaws. That is both shameful and sad.

Yosef Grodzinsky

NEIER REPLIES

New York City

Yosef Grodzinsky seems to have read selectively both my review and David S. Wyman's book. His assertion that "nothing concerning the role of the Zionist movement in this sad story appears in Wyman's book" is not only false but it makes one wonder how he could have gone so far wrong.

In my review, I noted that "much of the organized Jewish community failed to perform as well as it should have; other agendas, personal and institutional rivalries and, possibly, fear of anti-Semitic backlash diminished its effectiveness." The "other agendas" I had in mind included the failure of much of the Zionist movement to devote itself to the rescue of the European Jews. Far from failing to discuss this, Wyman deals with the role of the Zionists throughout his book (as a glance at the index should have informed Grodzinsky) and also devotes a twenty-page chapter to the subject, titled "The Zionists."

In that chapter, Wyman points out that many Zionists adopted the view that the slaughter of the European Jews was simply an extension of a "persistent emergency in Jewish life," in the words of a rising Zionist leader of the time, Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver. Such disasters could not be averted or significantly mitigated so long as Jews remained in the Diaspora. The only solution, to those holding this view, was to create a Jewish state, and all efforts should be devoted to that end, not to losing causes such as rescues. Summing up, Wyman writes:

> The Zionists made their choice. Events would show, however, that they had misread the signs concerning rescue. Substantially more was possible than they recognized. Their insight into the past and their dedication to the future hampered their vision of the present.

Grodzinsky also writes, "At no point does Wyman question Wise's decision to suppress the precious information for so long"—that is, from August 28, 1942, when he obtained credible information about the slaughter of the Jews, until that November 24, when he disclosed what he knew at a press conference. Actually, Wyman does discuss this subject (pp. 54-55). He writes that a "question revolves around Welles's request not to release the Riegner information [Riegner was the World Jewish Congress representative in Geneva who cabled news of the extermination plan to Wise] until the State Department confirmed it. Wise has been criticized on the ground that his silence cost three irretrievable months." Wyman goes on to point out that Wise was concerned that "the Riegner report might have been discounted if based only on Jewish authorities." Indeed, the U.S. legation in Bern had forwarded it to Washington with the comment that it had "the earmarks of war rumor inspired by fear." Also, Wyman notes, Wise was fearful of alienating the State Department, "whose cooperation was essential in the effort to help the European Jews." Finally, Wyman points out that "if Wise is to be criticized . . . numerous others should be also." He mentions Felix Frankfurter, Dean Acheson and Henry Wallace among those who had the same information and could have held a press conference.

A word also about Grodzinsky's general point. The Zionists should not be exculpated from blame, and Wyman does not do so. Nor should the importance of their failure be exaggerated. During World War II, Zionism was a minority movement among American Jews, who were not nearly so powerful politically as they are today. Blame should be fixed most on those who had the most power to promote rescue: Franklin Roosevelt, the State Department bureaucracy and the mainstream media and institutions. Wyman does just that. He spares no one, but he also maintains perspective and balance. Again, he has written a superb book.

Aryeh Neier

SELF-DESCRIBED MARXIST-LENINISTS

New York City

I hadn't planned to bother, but a phone caller asked me for the context of the remark attributed to me by Raymond Bonner [editorial, "A One-Sided Press," Dec. 8]. It occurred to me that some of your other readers might be interested as well.

"'I don't have the foggiest idea what Marxism-Leninism is,' quoth Bonner, which sounds fairly close to what I said. The second part of the sentence—left unquoted—reads, 'but when people call themselves that, I assume that is what they are.'"

The intended point of the remark was that I am content to leave it up to the editors of *Pravda* and *People's Daily* to debate their respective interpretations of Marxism-Leninism, but when members of the Sandinista directorate in Nicaragua first called themselves Marxist-Leninists, it conveyed a certain newsworthy meaning. I thought it unfortunate that readers of some of America's most-admired publications were not informed earlier of these self-descriptions.

George Melloan
The Wall Street Journal

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EDITORIALS.

Belgian Waffle

Just when President Reagan believed he had Belgium's acceptance of forty-eight cruise missiles in the bag, Prime Minister Wilfried Martens escaped from his clutches. Talking with a group of reporters moments after he and Reagan had issued a communiqué reaffirming Belgium's commitment to NATO's deployment schedule, Martens said that a decision as to when missiles will be placed in his country had not yet been reached and wouldn't be until the end of March. In fact, deployment, which had been set for March, might be further delayed or even indefinitely postponed, since the political situation in Brussels is increasingly volatile and Martens has all he can do to hold his coalition government together.

According to journalist Peter Maass in Brussels, the trouble began in November, when Martens's own Social Christian Party, which dominates the center-right coalition, announced its opposition to the missiles' arrival. At this point Belgium is more critical to the United States as a holdout in nuclear strategy than as a collaborator. As Belgium goes, so might Holland, which is also due to get the weapons this year and which has a strong antinuclear movement. Many Belgian politicians believe their refusal would surely produce a similar defiance in Holland and might even reopen the

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nuclear debate in West Germany, which has the Continent's strongest protest movement.

The Social Christians want to delay until the proposed U.S.-Soviet arms negotiations have a chance to take up the question of Euromissiles. The American position has always been to deploy first and talk later, if at all. The Belgians fear that if deployment becomes a *fait accompli*, an arms agreement will be more difficult to achieve. The antinuclear movement has argued all along that the United States is deploying the missiles in order to make an agreement impossible.

Belgian politicians who favor deployment are worried that signs of progress in the negotiations will encourage the Social Christians to seek further delays in accepting the missiles. By the same token, a breakdown in the negotiating process tenuously begun in Geneva would remove the main hindrance to deployment.

That situation raises a disturbing question: Would the United States block progress in the upcoming negotiations so that Belgium would have less reason to delay deployment? One senior Belgian diplomat said recently that the Reagan Administration could use the delay to argue against holding serious negotiations with the Russians. Whichever way it works, Belgium seems held hostage by the power that dominates Western Europe.

Moral Minorities

Martin Luther King Jr.'s birthday reminds us that civil disobedience was the defining tactic of the protest movements that advanced domestic civil rights and changed American foreign policy in the 1960s. The pervasive presence of disobedient blacks and their white allies helped destroy a system of segregation that had been entrenched in the South for centuries. The constant threat of social conflict made the American withdrawal from Vietnam not only thinkable but necessary. Nonviolent protest disappeared from the national political scene in the last decade, but it has been revived in the movements to give sanctuary to Central American refugees and to pressure the Reagan Administration to change its friendly policy toward racist South Africa. Both drives are beginning to show results.

The church-led sanctuary campaign has been the most important form of protest against the U.S. government's intervention in Central America. Hundreds of clerics and lay activists have smuggled thousands of Salvadorans and Guatemalans into the United States. The Administration refuses to recognize the aliens as political refugees and maintains that they are merely fleeing the poverty of their land to enjoy the riches of El Norte. That argument is fatuous and its logic, deceitful. The Salvadorans have been driven from their home by a war that America supplies; they are endangered by a murderous military machine that operates under the American political umbrella; and they are kept in poverty by a system that cannot be reformed while America controls their country. They are chickens, hatched by American political power, come home to roost.

The religious framework of the sanctuary movement gives it considerable cachet at a time when morality has been detached from politics and when a suffocating cynicism attends all efforts to organize support for radical causes. The moral witness of the sanctuary activists is unassailable on its own terms, and the Administration has been forced to use vulgar police tactics and hypocritical legal maneuvers to oppose it. Government agents have posed as asylum seekers, and the church people who sought to help them have been implicated. Last week sixteen activists were indicted and sixty refugees were arrested in the biggest crackdown to date on the Central America solidarity movement.

The Reagan Administration's decision to move against the sanctuaries means that protest politics is entering a new phase, filled with perils for civil liberties but also with hope for change. It was the Johnson Administration's indictment of religious and intellectual leaders for advocating that young men refuse conscription and burn their draft cards (Dr. Benjamin Spock, the Rev. William Sloane Coffin et al.) that set the stage in 1968 for a mass campaign against the Vietnam War. Many who wanted a change in U.S. policy—a majority, perhaps—neither joined in nor approved of civil disobedience. Those who supported the war policy were not swayed by the lawbreaking tactics. But the strength of the few who risked comfort, careers and, in some cases, life and limb, energized the movement and threatened the authorities, which was the point and purpose of the actions.

The current protest against U.S. policy in South Africa has been building since last year, when Jesse Jackson repeatedly raised the issue in the Democratic primaries and during the election campaign. On November 21, black leaders in and around the Jackson camp, such as District of Columbia Congressional delegate Walter Fauntroy, U.S. Civil Rights Commissioner Mary Berry and TransAfrica executive director Randall Robinson invaded the 500-foot protected perimeter around the South African Embassy in Washington. They were arrested and charged with trespass.

The protest spread to sixteen cities, and 680 people were arrested. Religious figures, politicians and civil rights activists have all practiced disobedience, and last week Republican Senator Lowell P. Weicker Jr. joined the lawbreakers. So far, the Administration has treated the protesters gingerly, leaving legal action to local authorities. The campaign has forced President Reagan to modify his rhetoric of support for white South Africa, and it has given heart to the growing movement that seems destined to become a significant factor in the domestic politics of foreign relations.

Wrong Answer

Q. What popular parlor game contains a serious error?

A. Trivial Pursuit.

That's right, the game that's threatening to outrate television as home entertainment is misleading the 40 million Americans who play it, with a wrong answer to an important question about American history.

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"What Amendment to the Constitution did the Hollywood Ten invoke before the House Committee on Un-American Activities?" The answer, according to Trivial Pursuit, is "The Fifth."

Actually, the Ten chose *not* to invoke the constitutional safeguard against self-incrimination. Some of them cited the First Amendment's guarantee of freedom of speech; others, the entire Bill of Rights. They did so because they believed the state had no right to stigmatize people by probing their political beliefs, activities and associations.

Because of that stand, the Hollywood Ten went to prison and the next group of witnesses called by that most un-American of Congressional committees was advised by lawyers to take the Fifth in order to avoid a similar fate. Thus, a generation was deprived of an education in the meaning of the First Amendment and came to regard the invocation of the Fifth Amendment as an admission of guilt. A valuable lesson in the legitimacy of political dissent was lost—all too relevant in these days of First Amendment chill.

Trivial Pursuit is only a parlor game, but this misinformation is anything but trivial.

Transition Time

First Lady Nancy Reagan said yesterday it is "absolutely untrue" her husband is not running the government. . . . In a strong and pointed defense of the President, Mrs. Reagan said: "Nobody else was running the government [the past four years]."

The staff shake up was "wonderful" because "maybe it will stop all these stories once and for all" that the President is detached and delegates many of his powers to the "big three" White House advisers.

. . .

And she said she resents stories that her husband takes afternoon naps.

"He never takes a nap," she said. "Now, I know of other presidents who have, but he just happens to be one who doesn't."

—*"PREZ RONS THE SHOW: NANCY," by Helen Thomas,* New York Post, *January 15*

The following memorandum was leaked to us by a highly unreliable source in the White House.

January 21

TO: All White House Staff Members

FROM: The First Lady

SUBJECT: Your Duties

First, I want to extend a warm "Welcome aboard" to all of you new people. And to all the old hands who have been here as long as a year, I want to say, "Welcome back!"

As you know, we're going to be a bit short-handed until the President fills the remaining vacancies both here and in the rest of the government. But if everyone will just "pitch in," I know we can get the job done. Don Regan will give you your part-time job assignments, but I just want to say generally that your overtime work at Human Resources, Environmental Protection, Education, Energy and the other understaffed agencies need not be considered a big deal. Actually, the President will be abolishing or merging some of them, so the vacant positions won't be filled anyway. Also, his budget cuts will eliminate most of the so-called social programs, so you can put them on "hold."

Apropos social programs, we have some very important ones here at the White House, and they're your number-one priority. Until the servants assigned to the Post Office during the Christmas rush return, I will expect junior staff to help out with drinks and canapés during cocktail parties. (Mike Deaver's successor—as soon as we know who he is—will be in charge of making sure the President stops at two.) As chief of staff, Don Regan will introduce (select) guests to the President, making sure they don't talk to him too long.

Don, of course, will be the key person in our whole operation, so I want to describe his duties in more detail. He will delegate routine chores to the rest of the staff, so all of you will report to him.

DON REGAN'S DUTIES

1. Morning Briefing: Review all decisions the President made yesterday and run down all decisions he will make today. If he objects to any of the latter, let me know and I'll talk him out of it. Important! Do not mention the following subjects before noon: Lebanon, Muammar el-Qaddafi, the international monetary system, Unesco, Star Wars, CBS News, poor people, the deficit. Incidentally, Jim Baker had the cutest nicknames for some of those topics. For example, he always called the deficit "Tip O'Neill's tummy," and Lebanon was "Israel North."

2. After breakfast: Brief the President on his appointments for the day. Remember, no appointments longer than five minutes, except those with visiting heads of state, who will be given an additional ten minutes to allow for photo opportunities. Nap time is always from 2 to 3. Make sure the covers are turned down and his pj's are laid out. When he's in bed, draw the shades to one inch above the sill and turn on the night light. Speaking of naps, if the President should nod off during a Cabinet meeting, give him a *gentle* nudge and whisper "Mr. President" two or three times, very softly. Once Ed Meese shook him and he started talking about outlawing the Russians again.

3. After dinner: Remember this is relaxation time, and the President is only to do light signing or read one-page briefing papers. If he's finished by 9, he may watch his TV programs. Lights out at 10 sharp!

That's about it. Oh yes, the President likes a marshmallow in his cocoa for "elevenses." And until Lucky is housebroken, he should be walked three times a day. Don can work it out with Bob McFarlane about who handles that chore. If any of you new people can't find something, ask the servants. I'll be available for major crises—but not until Dave Stockman and I have finished cutting that dratted budget!

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

Jackboot Liberals

Now that four more conservative years have been officially inaugurated by Ronald Reagan, acting for President Dole, we may as well remember that much of the damage associated with the rightward swerve of the *Zeitgeist* is not being inflicted by Birchers or kooks from the Moral Majority but by upstanding members of the supposedly respectable intellectual community. Anyone who doubts this should look at the "Thanksgiving Statement" issued by twenty-seven academics toward the end of last year, urging schools to instill good character in students and warning that "schools in general are not doing enough to counter the symptoms of serious decline in youth character."

This is reminiscent of the muscle-and-blood national authoritarianism preached by Thomas Arnold and by subsequent, more explicitly fascist educators. "Character," said the report, "is often revealed in the concern and affection we display toward other members of our group or country. These traits are fostered through the learning of what Sidney Hook called 'the history of our free society, its martyrology, and its national traditions.' Such learning encourages students to be patriotic; to be loyal to our society, and to care about the welfare of their fellow Americans." The report recommended frequent and high-quality ceremonial activities, stressing "contribution."

An article by Charles Claffey in *The Boston Globe* for November 25 quoted local notables enthusing about this horrible document. Nathan Glazer—one of the report's signatories and professor at the Harvard School of Education—attributed part of the problems of the young to, in Claffey's evocation of his views, "an overpermissiveness arising from the fear of being considered intolerant." David Riesman, professor emeritus of social sciences at Harvard, said that he was heartened by the report and that "critical concerns of character and quality" had to be addressed. "The problem is how—in our delirium of due process and the ACLU—to carry this out."

These barbaric views were capably matched by another "liberal," Dr. Robert Coles, child shrink on the Harvard Medical School staff and recently self-appointed flagellator of "elitist" freezeniks, on behalf of his good blue-collar buddies on the faculty. Coles told Claffey he liked the report, adding, in reference to a 17-year-old girl's refusal to salute the flag at a school in the Boston area: "There's something wrong when you can't salute the flag in a school classroom without creating a constitutional issue. Things like reciting a school prayer and saluting the flag are part of belonging to a society. . . . we are creating a state of anarchy when what kids need are control and discipline."

By an illuminating coincidence, the *Times Literary Supplement* for November 30 contained a review by Gordon Craig of Christa Kamenetsky's *Children's Literature in Hitler's Germany*. Craig cited the Nazis' plan to emphasize "the duties of the individual to the state and the imperatives of racial awareness and upon character-building and physical training." The proto-Nazi critics of modernist Weimar thought its educational system was "sadly deficient in recognizing its responsibility for promoting a sense of national identification and loyalty among students." Nazi educational theorist Ernst Krieck argued, apropos folklore, that, in Craig's words, "the comparative dimension . . . must give way to an emphasis upon the specifically German folk community, and folklore and saga must be made to serve as a kind of political science for contemporary Germans." Sounds like ABC's approach to the Olympics to me. Sidney Hook could not have put it better. There's no Nazi like a liberal in search of the nation's soul.

Vigilantism: New Turn

Public acclaim continues for the "Death Wish III" bomber who attempted to blow up the *New York Post* building on South Street, along with all its contents. The bomber, released on his own recognizance, says that on a previous visit to New York City he had been assailed over several days by numerous editions of the *Post*, uttering racist slurs, sexual innuendoes and blatant appeals to man's lowest instincts of envy, greed and fear.

He had left the city physically unharmed but unable to dispel feelings of spiritual disgust and intellectual despair. He had returned expressly to plant an infernal machine on the premises of the *Post* and "blow the place to kingdom come," but was arrested before realizing his purpose.

Switchboards of local television and radio stations were jammed with callers endorsing the bomber's intention. An editorial in *The Washington Post* stated:

> New York has a new folk hero. . . . It's easy to understand why New Yorkers are responding in this spirit. . . . When people feel they are not adequately protected, the force of the argument that they should not take their defense in their own hands diminishes. . . . An episode of do-it-yourself law enforcement has undeniable implications of spreading violence and chaos, but it reflects directly on those in official positions, like the mayor and the governor, who have failed to provide the protection that the citizenry has every right to demand.

As you may have guessed, those were the exact words of a *Washington Post* editorial on December 28 about Bernhard Goetz, the white whose plan to murder four blacks has aroused such public exuberance. When vigilantes start stalking editorial corridors I think we will see a diminution in these sympathetic expressions for Goetz—who, according to a news report by the local NBC affiliate, is a sometime employee of the National Security Agency.

The Life of Brian

Brian Mulroney, Canada's Conservative Prime Minister, seems a second-rate fellow, but I sympathize with the man, given the conversation-stopper dumped on him by the publisher of *The New York Times* during a lunch at the paper's offices recently. Arthur O. (Punch) Sulzberger turned to him, intoning solemnly, "And how did you leave Canada, Prime Minister?"

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ALEXANDER COCKBURN

At the same lunch, French Prime Minister M. Laurent Fabius was rabbiting on as only a Frenchman can about "the alliance." France and the United States, he proclaimed, have drawn closer under the wise leadership of Presidents Mitterrand and Reagan, but there seems to be a problem of communication. How can France express to President Reagan its disquiet about U.S. policy in Central America?

Mulroney, unable to contain his impatience at this ponderous Gallic flow, broke in: "Call him up." Fabius did some lip pursing and said he thought it scarcely meet and proper that two great nations should etc., etc. . . . "Of course you can call him up," said Mulroney. "The number's 202-456-1414. Say who you are, ask for President Reagan, and if he's busy or out, leave a message to please call back. He'll call, and then you can tell him what you think."

Time Capsule

Whatever the jury's findings, let's remember the record. On February 12, 1984, a correspondent for *Ha'aretz* reported the following:

"Sometime before Bashir Gemayel's murder, Ariel Sharon, then Minister of Defense, already had a plan for actions against terrorists who remained in the camps in West Beirut, and 'the only thing that the murder changed was in giving a push to processes and plans made in advance,' stated a 'top secret' document prepared by Sharon's office after the Sabra and Shatila massacres, under the title, 'Main Points of the Minister of Defense's Version for the Investigating Committee.'

. . .

"Among the other points in the document: On June 19, 1982, Sharon told Bashir, 'There are certain things which we cannot do without you—we cannot go into West Beirut without you.' Four days earlier, Begin ordered the following message to be relayed to the Phalangists: 'You can and in our judgment you must conquer the part of Beirut housing the terrorists and get rid of them.'

. . .

"Another passage: 'Harm inflicted on civilian population in the course of a purge of a dense urban area such as the refugee camps was predicted and taken into consideration when the action was approved.'

. . .

"The document further states that 'the need to call in military force into the refugee camps in order to purge them—whether Phalangists or other—was agreed upon by all.'"

Calorific Zephyrs

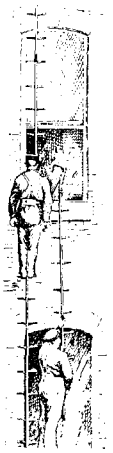
There hasn't been so much hot air around since the Hindenburg went down. I refer to press commentary accompanying the great meeting between George Shultz and Andrei Gromyko in Geneva. A paradigmatic thumb-sucker was furnished by Marshall I. Goldman, a noted self-promoter who teaches economics at Wellesley College and who has absurd pretensions of being a "Soviet expert." He clambered aboard the gravy train to Geneva, with the lowly job of consultant to ABC's *Good Morning, America* and, to while away the hours, sent a column to *The Washington Post*, printed in that newspaper on January 8.

Connoisseurs of the art of chewing more than you've bitten off should study Goldman's portly prose (clichés in italics):

> *Although many realize* that the world's problems are *too complex to be settled* by two senior statesmen in two days, this could nonetheless be an *important, even historic* meeting. . . . The *media and their camp followers* both in terms of numbers and style have assumed such a presence that they *threaten periodically to transcend the message*. . . . The weather makes its own contribution to the *circus atmosphere*. Shultz's plane lands as the sun rises over Geneva. Gromyko flies in as the sun sets, propelled by a *bone-chilling Siberian blast* that plunges Geneva's temperature to the lowest they have been since 1956. *Portent or cliché?*

Pasta or fagioli? Chicken soup or barley? Your place or mine? Really.

Love's Folly



When will this madness cease? Now I hear that Kennett Love is suing Jonathan Kwitny for libel and trying to extract untold millions from him and his publisher, Congdon & Weed. Readers may recall that I piped up in favor of Love last summer after Kwitny had accused him of working for the C.I.A. at the time of Mohammed Mossadegh's overthrow, in 1953, when Love was *The New York Times*'s correspondent in Teheran. Kwitny's chapter on U.S. complicity in this overthrow in his excellent book *Endless Enemies* dealt harshly with Love. I wrote that the facts seemed to show that young Love was naïve to the point of imbecility but that so far as I could tell, the accusation that he was working for Allen Dulles was a bum rap.

Now it seems Love has been gnashing his teeth for months and feels that every time he steps on the beach at Sagaponack, people whisper, "Make way for Kennett the spook" and draw their skirts aside. So he's rushed to law.

Kennett, I urge you to abandon this path of folly. It's not as though you could hope to get any cash out of it, since neither Kwitny nor Congdon & Weed is rolling in the stuff. I suppose you seek "vindication," but is it vindication to shower lawyers with money from now until the end of the century? Is it vindication to embark on the weary road of deposition and counterdeposition, to become a burden to your loved ones as you blather on, day after day, meal after meal, about "the case"?

Kennett, I beg you, be a man and drop the suit. Do you wish to be spoken of in the same breath as William Westmoreland and Ariel Sharon? Get on with your memoir, in which you can give your side of the story and piss on Kwitny to your heart's content.

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SOVIETICUS.

STEPHEN F. COHEN

For most Americans, World War II is a remote and half-forgotten historical event. For Soviet citizens, however, it is the Great Patriotic War and a traumatic experience that ended "only yesterday." Those different national memories, and the political conflicts they generate, will be especially apparent this year, which marks the fortieth anniversary of the war's end. In the United States, few, if any, commemorations will occur before the traditional V-E Day ceremonies on May 8. In the Soviet Union, a jubilee is already under way.

It is a mistake to think that Soviet memories of World War II are prolonged merely by the unending flow of official propaganda. The government has promoted the remembrance, as reflected in more than 15,000 books on the subject and memorials in every town, but the popular emotion is genuine. More than any other event, including the Revolution, the war shaped the Soviet Union as it exists today, as a political system, society and world power. Its legacy endures among citizens because it was an experience of inseparable—and colossal—tragedy and triumph.

The tragedy began on June 22, 1941, with the massive, unexpected German invasion and the near-total Soviet defeat. After four years of savage fighting from Moscow to Berlin, it culminated in 20 million Soviet deaths, about equally divided between soldiers and civilians. That often-cited but little-understood statistic means that virtually every family lost one member or more.

Nor has the mourning stopped, particularly among women. Displaying worn photographs of their lost sons, aged mothers of soldiers listed only as missing in action (millions are so designated) still haunt veterans' reunions in hope of hearing some word of their fate. And because only 3 percent of men between the ages of 17 and 20 survived the struggle, millions of women of that generation remain unwed and childless; "their loneliness," as *Izvestiia* reported recently, is yet another "terrible echo of the war."

National glory can never compensate for such tragedies, but for most Soviet citizens, final victory gave sacred meaning to their personal losses. In their eyes, it brought three great achievements: the destruction of the Nazi war machine which had conquered the whole of Europe; the creation of the Soviet empire in Eastern Europe which was to guard against another invasion from the West; and the nation's historic rise to great power in world affairs. So popular were those accomplishments that even embittered Russians forgave the Soviet government's misdeeds that had contributed to the catastrophe of 1941, including Stalin's prewar massacre of Red Army officers, his 1939 pact with Hitler and the general unpreparedness for the German onslaught.

The shared wartime experience of "grandeur and grief," as a Soviet poet characterized it, changed the relationship between the Communist state and the society in fundamental ways. For the Slavic majority at least, the system finally became a truly national one and thus legitimate. But Soviet Communism also changed during the "war for the Motherland," as traditional Russian nationalist values overwhelmed revolutionary ones in the official ideology.

If nothing else, the war forged a lasting bond between popular and official outlooks on the Soviet Union's overriding purpose at home and abroad. Henceforth, it was to do everything possible to guarantee that the country would never again be caught unprepared by a surprise attack. That alone explains the people's persistent support, despite the sacrifices required of them in everyday life, for the government's obsession with national security, including its hold over Eastern Europe and the high priority it gives to military expenditures.

The war's legacy also underlies deeply ambivalent Soviet attitudes toward the United States. On the one hand, officials and citizens alike frequently recall warmly the Soviet-American alliance and gratefully acknowledge the United States' aid, or Lend-Lease, that accounted for about 4 percent of Soviet gross production between 1941 and 1945. On the other hand, they resent bitterly any American attempt to slight their role in World War II and see it as part of a forty-year effort to deny the Soviet Union its hard-won right to equality in the postwar world.

Perceiving such slights, as they did last year in the American-French commemoration of D-Day at Normandy and as they will during this anniversary year, Soviet officials insist that their struggle was decisive in defeating Nazi Germany and "saving world civilization." They argue that the war's major turning points occurred at Moscow, Stalingrad, Kursk and other Soviet battle sites; that until mid-1944, almost 95 percent of Nazi ground forces were engaged on the eastern front, where Germany suffered 10 million of its total 13.6 million casualties; and that fifty Soviet citizens died for every one American. Even after forty years, no "historical truth" is more important in Soviet minds.

Apart from the need for "eternal vigilance," Soviet officials are not united on the lessons to be learned from World War II, especially as they may apply to the United States. Pro-détente spokesmen still cite the wartime alliance as evidence that improved relations between the two countries are possible. Other officials point adamantly to the German invasion as proof that threats always lie in the West. Thus, they responded to President Reagan's anti-Soviet crusade in the early 1980s by equating him with Hitler.

Americans outraged by that analogy should consider the Soviet reaction to our own "lessons" of the war. None are more offensive, even to many dissidents and émigrés, than arguments that the Soviet Union is a latter-day replica of Nazi Germany, driven by the same violent cults and insatiable lust for conquest and with whom any serious negotiations are Munich-like acts of "appeasement."

In the nuclear era, such lessons on both sides are as dangerous as World War II concepts of civil defense. Symbolic acts of mutual understanding and memory are needed to dispel them. If the political will cannot be found by May 3, forty years after the day American and Soviet troops met at the Elbe, there is no reason to believe it will ever be found, at arms talks or anywhere else.

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ARTICLES.

THE U.S. AND THE SAUDIS

Shaky 'Friend' In the Gulf

DILIP HIRO

Although events in Israel and Lebanon routinely make headlines around the world, what happens in the Persian Gulf states could have a far greater impact on international stability. Those nations control 68 percent of the world's petroleum reserves, and as the 1973 oil shock proved, they can wreak havoc with the world economy if the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries has its act together. Of all the gulf states, the most important is Saudi Arabia, sitting atop a 169 billion-barrel lake of oil.

Ever since American companies were granted exploration and drilling rights by King Abdul Aziz al Saud (Ibn Saud) in 1933, relations between the United States and its desert ally have been close. At present, Saudi Arabia is a linchpin of American strategy in the region, both military and diplomatic. If it ever defected from the Western camp and became nonaligned, as did Iran after the fall of the Shah, the damage to U.S. interests would be considerable.

One of the kingdom's greatest services to the United States has been the thwarting of leftist and progressive forces in the Third World. Riyadh stands ready to step in whenever its superpower patron needs a proxy. Last spring the Central Intelligence Agency hinted to the press that the Administration would ask Saudi Arabia to step in to fill the breach if Congress refused to accede to President Reagan's demands for increased aid to El Salvador.

Several factors explain why Saudi Arabia has become America's most effective ally in quelling the forces of revolution in the Third World. As caretakers of Islam's holiest places—the Kaaba in Mecca and Mohammed's mosque in Medina—Saudi rulers claim to be the spiritual leaders of the Islamic world, which includes more than forty countries and sizable Moslem minorities in many others. Buoyed by its oil wealth, the royal family wields tremendous financial clout, and since it rules autocratically and secretively, no one knows how much aid it distributes or to whom. That makes the monarchy an attractive covert vehicle for furthering U.S. objectives.

The diplomatic debt that Washington owes Riyadh is immense. In 1972 King Faisal persuaded Egyptian President Anwar el-Sadat to expel Soviet military experts, a severe setback to Moscow which touched off a debate in the Kremlin on the wisdom of providing military aid to nonsocialist countries. In 1977, the Saudis prevailed on President Mohammed Siad Barre of Somalia to sever his Soviet ties. Faisal also convinced OPEC members to lift a five-month oil embargo in March 1974, before the United States had met the conditions they had set for its withdrawal: the evacuation of Israeli troops from the occupied Arab territories and the establishment of a Palestinian state in the vacated lands.

After the Shah was overthrown, Riyadh agreed to help Washington fill the strategic vacuum in the region. It encouraged Pakistan's President Zia ul-Haq to become a U.S. client, providing him with the cash to buy advanced American weapons.

In Africa, Riyadh has played a more active anti-Marxist role than Pretoria. Following the military coup that installed a Marxist regime in Ethiopia in late 1974, Riyadh sent military aid to the antigovernment guerrillas in Eritrea. It also encouraged Sudanese President Mohammed Gaafar al-Nimeiry to crack down on leftist groups in his country. When the socialist regime of Mozambique signed a nonaggression pact with South Africa last year and the latter halted its arms shipments to the Mozambique National Resistance, Saudi Arabia airlifted arms to the rebels via the Comoro Islands, in the Indian Ocean between Mozambique and Madagascar, using Moslem leaders in Portugal as intermediaries.

In addition to furthering American interests, the monarchy seeks to fortify its position at home by emphasizing its role as protector of Islam's holiest shrines and by playing a major role in international Islam. Since 1970 the headquarters of the Islamic Conference Organization (I.C.O.) has been in Jidda. Through that group, which represents

DRAWINGS BY MONICA INCISA

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forty-three countries and the Palestine Liberation Organization, the monarchy has influence with the rulers of every Moslem state. Nevertheless, it finds its Islamic credentials challenged by the Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini.

Under Khomeini's interpretation of the Koran, hereditary power is un-Islamic. He also charges that the Saudi Arabian elite are "deviant Moslems," who transgress the scriptural bans on alcohol, extramarital sex and gambling. He attacks the Saudi rulers for having depleted their oil reserves to satisfy the insatiable demands of the United States, the "Great Satan" and prime source of moral and material corruption on earth. Finally, Khomeini condemns the House of Saud for failing to liberate Palestine from the Zionists.

In the 1960s the most serious domestic challenge to the monarchy's legitimacy came from radicals inspired by Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser. Because of the radicals' secular orientation and Nasser's pro-Soviet foreign policy, the Saudi rulers had no trouble discrediting them. Khomeini is another matter. He is an eminent religious teacher and a strongly anticommunist opponent of Soviet expansionism. Undoubtedly, Khomeini has inspired the Saudi opposition, which is considerable, as the 1979 seizure of the Grand Mosque in Mecca by 700 well-armed guerrillas attested. It took two weeks to dislodge the insurgents, and although there is no evidence that they were backed by Teheran, they demanded, among other things, the establishment of an Islamic republic and the severing of all ties with the United States.

After the Saudi Army had retaken the Grand Mosque, King Khalid reshuffled officials in seventeen top military and civilian posts. In a familiar gesture to democratic sentiment, Crown Prince Fahd promised to form a sixty-to-seventy-member elective consultative assembly "in the near future." The government also called for stricter enforcement of Islamic law.

But all that was window dressing. The Saudi rulers were most concerned with shoring up internal security, and to that end they consulted with representatives of the C.I.A. and the French Sûreté and provided additional funds and personnel to their own intelligence organizations. Looking beyond its borders, the government approached its five neighbors in the gulf about creating a regional alliance, a proposal that took on added urgency when the Iran-Iraq war broke out in September 1980. In May of the following year, the Gulf Cooperation Council (G.C.C.) was formed to coordinate the internal security, arms procurement and economic policies of the member states.

In the early days of the war, the Saudi leaders sided with Iraq, in hopes that it would rid them of the pestilential ayatollah. But when Baghdad failed to attain a quick victory and when, in July 1982, Iran invaded Iraq, the Saudi court became alarmed and pushed for a cease-fire through the G.C.C. and the I.C.O.—an effort that failed. Meanwhile, Teheran was crediting its successful resistance to the superiority of its brand of Islam and the popularity of the Khomeini regime. Such propaganda poses a threat to the House of Saud and its prestige in the Arab world.

Saudi Arabia's role as keeper of the holy places of Islam has opened it up to another kind of Iranian threat. During the two-week hajj season, more than 2 million pilgrims visit Mecca and Medina. The Iranians among them use the occasion to shout slogans, hold meetings and distribute pro-Khomeini literature. Since 1980, clashes between the Iranians and the Saudi security forces have occurred almost annually. Saudi authorities claim that visiting Iranian mullahs stir up the Shiite tribes of the Arabian peninsula. Since most of the 400,000 Saudi Shiites are concentrated in the oil-rich province of Al-Hasa, the government finds this development ominous.

On the other hand, the country's Sunni majority, which holds the Shiites in low esteem, has accepted Riyadh's characterization of the Iranian revolution as a localized Shiite phenomenon rather than one with consequences for all Islam. Teheran, of course, does just the opposite, trying its best to minimize the differences between Shiites, who make up 90 percent of Iran's 44 million people, and Sunnis. In this respect Teheran has the more difficult task: Shiites constitute only one-sixth of the world's 900 million Moslems, a fact that weakens Iran's claim to leadership of the faith. The other factor working against Iran is memory of the brutal way it crushed the opposition movement led by the Mujahedeen Khalq in the summer of 1981. As Saudi Interior Minister Prince Nayif put it, "It is odd that the Iranian government denies the Saudi government the right to preserve Saudi Arabia's security during the crucial period of the pilgrimage season, while the Iranian departments commit oppressive actions and massacres against their citizens in Iran on the pretext of preserving security."

The present stalemate in the war, after the Iranian offensive fizzled out, is another reassuring development for the Saudi monarchy in its tussle with Khomeini.

Still, the seeds of a revolution against the House of Saud have been planted and they may not even need tending by Teheran. Back in July 1977, before the Iranian revolution, a large group of Saudi military officers attempted to dislodge their country's monarchy. Their manifesto attacked corruption among the princes and attributed it to the authorities' intimate ties with the United States. They called for a republic that would abide by the basic values of the Koran and Islamic law.

Western policy-makers have a recurrent nightmare that a similar attempt could be made now by officers of the military or the National Guard, seeking to eradicate Western influence from the country's military, economic and cultural spheres. (Mistrustful of its own security forces, the Saudi royal family has hired three brigades of Pakistani soldiers to serve as palace guards.) Such a development would be all the more damaging to U.S. interests if a republican regime in Riyadh were to emulate Iran's example of criticizing the superpowers with equal vehemence. That would prevent Western leaders and their allies in the media from claiming Soviet conspiracy and expansionism as a pretext for intervening militarily against the new Islamic Republic of Arabia.

Such an intervention, however, might not be required.

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Since Saudi Arabia is vast, the royalists would have no difficulty retaining a foothold and waging a civil war against the usurpers. The conflict would be long and bloody, much like the one that followed the overthrow of the monarchy in North Yemen, in September 1962, which lasted seven years and caused 200,000 deaths.

If the House of Saud was overthrown, the neighboring monarchies would feel extremely insecure. The Sultan of Oman would most likely invite Washington to protect his kingdom. Would the President dispatch U.S. forces to Oman? And would the American people support such a decision? Those are only some of the vexing problems that would arise. □

LEGAL SERVICES' BOGARD

Adventures in a Bureaucratic Wonderland

Hardly noticed amid the hubbub generated by the James Baker–Donald Regan job swap on January 8 was the announcement that Donald Bogard was leaving his position as president of the Legal Services Corporation, which provides legal help to poor people. Bogard, the Associated Press blandly noted, had been "accused of sharing President Reagan's desire to abolish the agency." That is like saying Caspar Weinberger has been accused of advocating large defense budgets. There were many low points during Bogard's two-year tenure, but perhaps none better epitomizes his short, unhappy reign than the incident described in the following article. —*The Editors*

DAVID L. KIRP

Lawyers Paul Newman and David Gilbert aren't exactly household names (unlike their respective namesakes, the actor and the Weather Underground leader), but they were two of the most senior and esteemed attorneys in the federally funded Legal Services program. For several years, they ran regional offices, Newman in Boston and Gilbert in Denver. Last August, however, they were summarily fired for "gross insubordination." Those firings present an interesting tale, at least for those with a taste for the Kafkaesque.

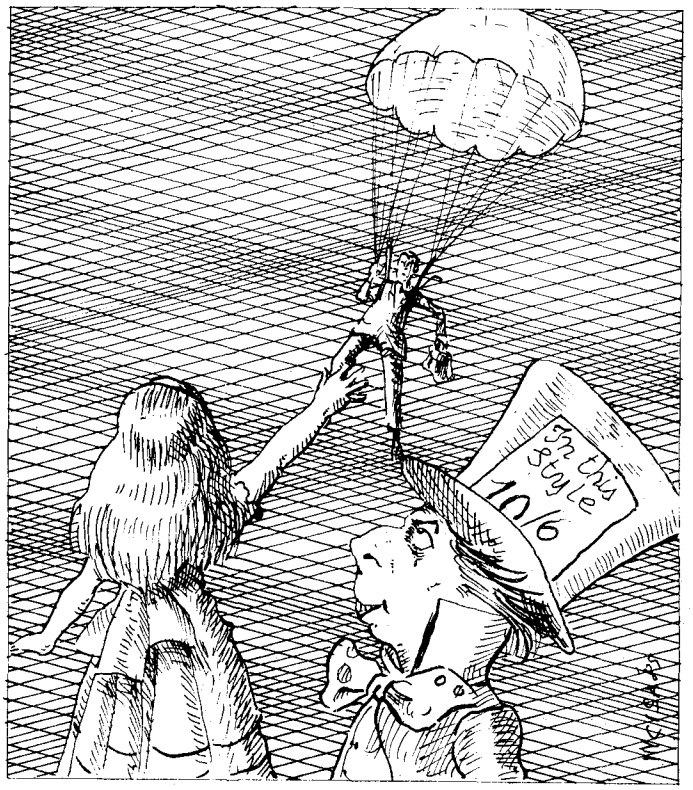
Because the firings had the smell of a political witch hunt—Newman and Gilbert had made no secret of their lack of enthusiasm for the Administration's attempts to shut down the program—a Congressional oversight committee sought explanations. Donald Bogard and Gene Potack, who directs Legal Services Corporation (L.S.C.) field operations, came armed with a fat notebook filled with what they called documentation. It turned out to be a record of the L.S.C.'s irrationality.

Potack testified that Newman was fired because he had publicly criticized him on five occasions. On one occasion, Potack said, Newman had written a letter to staff lawyers in the field instructing them to obey new orders from Washington. What was wrong with that, inquired Representative Bruce Morrison. "Well, that was probably not very serious," Potack allowed, explaining that Newman's offenses had to be viewed as a whole.

The other incidents, however, were equally insignificant. Potack insisted that in allowing lawyers from the Massachusetts Law Reform Institute (M.L.R.I.) to use Boston regional headquarters as a temporary office, Newman had admitted the "enemy" inside the gates. M.L.R.I. was suing Legal Services to restore some of its funding, Potack explained, and he feared that the corporation's secret files would be plundered and used in the litigation.

Actually, the institute had been allocated emergency office space because the premises it occupied had burned down, well before the litigation with Washington commenced. Moreover, the lawsuit, which turned out to be successful, concerned points of law, not disputes of fact; hence, there were no secrets in the Legal Services files for M.L.R.I.'s lawyers to plunder, even if they had had a mind to do so.

There was more. Gilbert was assailed for "parachuting" into Laredo, Colorado, without permission from Washington, to investigate charges that the Legal Services group there had been negligent in its treatment of clients. "Why wasn't [the negligence] in their monitoring report?" Potack demanded, prompting Colorado Representative Patricia



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Schroeder, who may have read *Alice in Wonderland* as preparation for the session, to ask how Gilbert could have monitored anything at a place he was told he shouldn't visit.

Newman was then charged with responding to a request for information from the Massachusetts Bar Association; apparently only the Washington office is allowed to talk to other lawyers. Also, Newman's deputy had appraised a prospective judicial candidate, in a confidential letter which had been solicited by a local review panel and approved by Newman. Potack called that engaging in an illegal "partisan political activity," though others would have considered it a service to the profession and to the public which every lawyer should perform.

In a confrontation at the Boston airport a few days before the hearing, Potack accused Newman of talking with Massachusetts Representative Barney Frank. What's objectionable about that? Frank inquired at the committee session. "Am I in the bar association category or am I a more neutral association?" Wisely, Potack ducked that one.

That was the sum of the L.S.C.'s case against Gilbert and Newman, Washington's "best shot," as one representative noted. The accusations were so trivial—indeed, they showed that the two field attorneys had some initiative—that Barney Frank, thinking in a literary vein, asked the witnesses, "You didn't accuse them of eating your strawberries?"

The actions of Bogard and his aide-de-camp showed clearly that they tolerate only strict party-liners who take their marching orders from Washington, down to the last "About face." Representative Schroeder observed, "I kept thinking, Do they have to call and ask if they can eat breakfast?"

The saga of David Gilbert and Paul Newman is not a singular tale about bureaucracy gone berserk; it is of a piece with the Reagan Administration's continuing campaign to demolish or demoralize Legal Services. Unable to persuade Congress to eliminate the program, the White House has done what it can to harass the program to death.

The Legal Services Corporation has been managed by a succession of boards packed with Reagan loyalists, nearly forty of them in all, who have shown less concern for the poor than James Watt displayed for the Big Sur coastal shelf. Not one of them has received Congressional confirmation. Bogard knew nothing about poverty law before taking the job; his only previous experience with Legal Services came when, as the attorney for a large Indiana food processor, he defended the company against a suit brought by a local poverty lawyer.

In its effort to sabotage the L.S.C., the board has convened in out-of-the-way places to duck its critics (one session was held during a blizzard in Window Rock, Arizona), adopted draconian client eligibility rules and curtailed class action suits and lobbying on behalf of the poor. Last fall, it proposed devastating its backup centers, which have shaped the direction of poverty law for two decades by providing research and developing litigation strategy, while handing out $330,000 to a Virginia-based law center avowedly committed to the abolition of the poverty law program.

Seen in this light, the sackings of Newman and Gilbert had a perverse logic. At the hearing, Representative Morrison commented that the corset of regulations and reprimands imposed by successive Reagan boards has choked off effective lawyering, and observed, "No person with any professional respect or ability would serve" in Legal Services. But that's the whole idea, isn't it? □

PAPAL FOLLIES

The Vatican Flops In Latin America

T.M. PASCA

Vatican City

On October 16, 1978, when Karol Cardinal Wojtyla, the 58-year-old Archbishop of Krakow, stood on the balcony above the crowded piazza of St. Peter's Basilica for the first time as Pope John Paul II, the assembled throng might have hailed, "The past is dead, long live the past!" Some of the church hierarchs who had just elected him were already saying as much amid sighs of relief. Six years later they are still saying it, but now they know that it is indeed more easily said than done.

The past that John Paul II and his supporters would like to erase is represented by the changes that took place within the church during the pontificates of John XXIII and Paul VI, in the twenty years from 1958 to 1978. His immediate predecessor, John Paul I, reigned for only thirty-four days, not long enough to make his mark, though some in the Vatican say he had suggested privately that he intended to rescind the church's longstanding proscription of artificial birth-control techniques. It is significant that John Paul II rarely refers to John XXIII or Paul VI in his public statements. As for birth control, he condemns it ad nauseam.

The past the Pope would like to bring back is one with which he identifies, a preindustrial time in which religion and an authoritarian, paternalistic church flourished, as in Poland today. That past is exemplified by the policies of Pius X, who reigned from 1903 to 1914 and who is still worshiped by ultraconservatives for combating the plague of modernism. He is the only Pope of modern times to be canonized—not surprisingly, by the conservative Pius XII, in 1954.

A half-century after Pius X's death, reforms were institutionalized in the church by the Second Vatican Council, initiated by John XXIII in 1962. Today the Pope is finding it difficult to undo the reforms the council set in train. Not the least of them was the establishment of a more democratic relationship between the national episcopates and Rome. Another was the official acceptance of the principle of separation of church and state.

T.M. Pasca is an American journalist who writes from Rome.

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One of the most historically significant documents issued by Pope John XXIII was his 1963 encyclical *Pacem in terris*, which questioned the concept of a "just war," which had been part of the Christian world view since the fifth century. Wars or crusades, even those intended to rectify violations of a people's rights, were described as "against reason." War, in and of itself, was branded "a crime against God and man."

In no way has John Paul II rejected that doctrine, and he has repeatedly warned against the dangers of nuclear war. Nevertheless, his personal style, confrontational and in the militant tradition, gives comfort to those who act as if crusades were still the political order of the day, even without the excuse of violated rights.

The suspicion with which the Pope and his closest collaborators regard the years of *aggiornamento*—revisionism—are not very different from the feelings that the Reaganauts have about roughly the same period in the United States. Joseph Cardinal Ratzinger, close associate of the Pope and head of the Sacred Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith, which serves as the guardian of theological orthodoxy, could have been speaking for both groups when he said: "It is my impression that the damages suffered by the Church in these twenty years came—more than from the Council—from a release of latent forces [in society], aggressiveness, polemics . . . irresponsibility."

Both Rome and Washington shudder over the growth of the liberation theology movement, for different, though related, reasons. Both equate it with class struggle and therefore with Marxism. For Rome it threatens right-wing elements that have traditionally supported church authority. For Washington those same groups are considered indispensable, primarily because of their economic views. Since those rationales are parallel but not identical, the Pope's views sometimes sound like Washington's. His public statements add to the confusion because, unlike the usual Vatican ambiguities, they are blunt. He is impatient with the secular world, especially with what he sees as the "consumerist" society of the West. His speeches also reflect his parochial view of the world and, it is said in Rome, of the Vatican as well. But such criticisms do not bother him. He is a self-confident religious militant who believes that you have only to plant the cross in the village square, so to say, and everyone will rally round it. And if they do not? Well, never mind, later on they will.

Consider the Pope's decision to launch a nine-year religious revivalist campaign in Latin America. He announced it last October while in the Dominican Republic to celebrate the Christianization of the continent, which began on that island 490 years ago, when Christopher Columbus, on his second trip, brought the first missionaries to the New World. The Pope envisions the campaign as a way to strengthen the church and counter the spread of secular evils of all kinds, some of which he associates with liberation theology. This month and next he will visit Colombia, Venezuela and Peru. (If the airplane had been available in Pius X's day, he would have flown to France, Spain and Portugal to put down the "plague of modernism.")

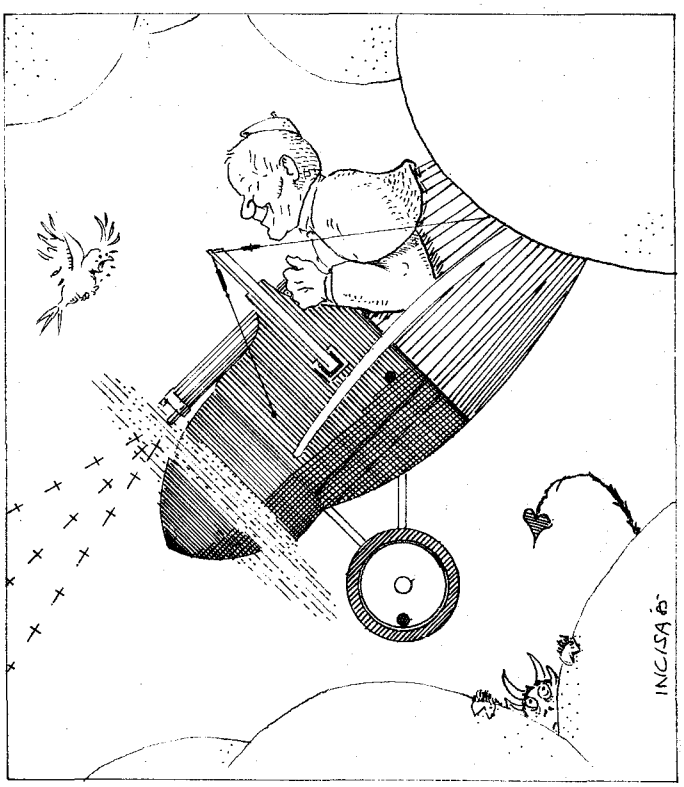
Another facet of the Pope's crusading zeal was evinced during his trip to Canada last September. On a gray, windy day in Moncton, New Brunswick, he delivered an impassioned speech to French-speaking Catholics in which he reminded them of the bloody persecution of the first French Catholic settlers there 200 years ago by the British general Sir Robert Monckton, after whom the town is named. The Pope never misses an opportunity to encourage the amalgamation of nationalism, ethnic consciousness and Christianity characteristic of his homeland, if he feels it will strengthen the church.

During the same trip the Pope was asked by a West German radio correspondent whether the Vatican's *Ostpolitik*, the policy of maintaining nonconfrontational diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union, Eastern Europe and other Marxist governments, developed under John XXIII and Paul VI, had been damaged as a result of the Vatican's *Instruction on Certain Aspects of the "Theology of Liberation."* That acrimonious critique by Cardinal Ratzinger characterizes Communist governments as the "shame of our time" and as "regimes . . . unworthy of mankind."

"Is there anything in that document against Marxist governments?" the Pope asked. "Nothing is said against Marxist governments in that document."

Those remarks, spoken in German and recorded on tape, were broadcast in the Federal Republic and drew widespread comment. Correspondents who were on hand during the interview asked Vatican officials how the Pope could have said such a thing. Hadn't he read the instruction? It is not unusual, they were told, for the Pope to clear or even to sign papers without reading them closely. That is consistent with what the Pope later declared to the press: "I must admit, I don't read newspapers."

A comment frequently heard around the Vatican is that



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the church's once efficient and highly coordinated administrative apparatus has become chaotic, that one hand does not know what the other is doing and that key people do not bother keeping one another informed. That atmosphere encourages various lobbies or interest groups to vie with one another far more than they did in the past. A group especially close to the Pope is Opus Dei, an ultraconservative, predominantly lay religious society that originated in Spain but now has an international membership. The disorganized condition of the Vatican bureaucracy reflects John Paul II's personal style. It also results from the changed position of Agostino Cardinal Casaroli. Under Paul VI, an experienced Curia man and a stickler for tight administrative control, Casaroli was not only responsible for directing the *Ostpolitik* but became the unofficial coordinator of the Curia Romana's various sacred congregations, which correspond to governmental ministries. With the election of John Paul II, *Ostpolitik* remained official policy but, inevitably, acquired the stamp of the Pope's personality and Polish heritage. Within six months Monsignor Casaroli was elevated to Cardinal and made Secretary of State, the number-two position in the Vatican. In effect, he was also relieved of his influential position as chief coordinator of the Curia. There are profound differences between the two men's views of the world. Casaroli is much more pragmatic, flexible and broad-minded than the Pope.

Last September the Cardinal gave a rare signal that he was unhappy with the direction in which the Pope has been taking the church. At a ceremony for the unveiling of a monument to Paul VI in the northern Italian industrial city of Brescia, he said, "For Paul VI dialogue was not purely a dialectical expedient, or a matter of didactic skill. It was the expression of an evangelical spirit that tried to come close to everyone, to understand and to be understood by everyone."

Coming on the heels of the instruction on liberation theology, Casaroli's statement was aimed at hard-nosed reactionaries such as Ratzinger, who was trying to discipline two leading members of the liberation theology movement, the Revs. Leonardo Boff of Brazil and Gustavo Gutiérrez of Peru. The attempts have proved embarrassing to the Vatican. The move against Father Boff failed because two of Brazil's leading churchmen, Aloisio Cardinal Lorscheider and Paolo Cardinal Arns (who, like Boff, are Franciscans), rallied to his support.

In the case of Gutiérrez the Vatican took the unprecedented action of summoning the entire Peruvian episcopate to Rome to meet with the Pope and Cardinal Ratzinger separately, after which it was invited to discuss with the Sacred Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith a document that questioned two of Father Gutiérrez's theological works. The Peruvians argued at length against the criticisms and refused to approve the document. They were offered a toned-down version, which they also rejected. After further meetings, they approved a third draft, which they had helped write and which contained no criticism of their country's leading theologian. During those meetings the fifty-three bishops who make up the Peruvian episcopate were divided eighteen for and eighteen against Gutiérrez, with seventeen abstaining. Most of those opposed to his views are members of Opus Dei.

The Vatican's effort to force its will on two Latin American churches appears to have enhanced their sense of national identity and exacerbated their differences with Rome. Those were certainly not the intended results, but the Vatican had ample warnings that there would be trouble if it persisted in its condemnation of the two clerics.

Another example of the Vatican's confrontational approach to Latin America is its move to discipline four priests for serving in the Nicaraguan government: Miguel D'Escoto, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Ernesto Cardenal, Minister of Culture; his brother, Fernando Cardenal, Minister of Education; and Edgar Parrales, Ambassador to the Organization of American States in Washington.

Although church law specifically prohibits priests from holding government office, church policy has been flexible. The Rev. John Momis, for example, represents the Melanesian Alliance Party in the Papua New Guinea parliament and helped write the country's Constitution. In Rome, the Rev. Olindo Del Donno has for years represented the Italian Social Movement, the neo-Fascist party, in the Italian Chamber of Deputies.

Ironically, Archbishop Andrea di Montezemolo, Papal Nuncio to Managua, who has the task of persuading his fellow priests to observe canon law and desert their country in its hour of need, was once relegated to the post of Vatican representative to Papua New Guinea because he was considered too liberal by the hierarchy when he headed Justice and Peace, the pontifical commission that deals with social, economic and political questions, including human rights, particularly in Third World countries.

In August, after repeated orders from Rome that they resign from their positions, the four priests formally refused. A month later, a high-level Sandinista delegation had talks at the Vatican which produced a subtle but significant change in Rome's attitude toward Nicaragua and in its tacit support of U.S. involvement there. Previously the Sandinistas had argued that the Vatican was unfair to demand the resignation of four priests whose services were crucial to the country's survival. The Sandinista leaders had suspected that the church was cooperating with U.S. efforts to destabilize Nicaragua, but in Rome they abandoned that line. The Vatican could do as it pleased, they said; the priests would remain in the government.

Second, the Sandinistas said, since the Vatican insists that the four priests obey the letter of the law, it should uphold the principle on which the law is based—that priests should not engage in political activities—and should order Archbishop Miguel Obando y Bravo of Managua to cease his support for the *contras* waging war on the country.

The Vatican responded by dropping its deadline for the four priests' resignation and instructing the Archbishop to avoid public confrontations with the government. For the Vatican to have reacted otherwise on the eve of the Nicaraguan elections would have caused more trouble for itself than for the Sandinistas. It would have widened the rift between the majority of Nicaraguans, who support the

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government and the four priests, and the official church.

During the campaign preceding the elections, Rome took a neutral position; when the Sandinistas won overwhelmingly, it made no comment. But on December 10, the Jesuit order announced that it had dismissed Father Fernando Cardenal for his refusal to leave the government. After John Paul II came to power, the Vatican had pressured Jesuit leaders to purge the order's more liberal-minded priests. They resisted but in the past eighteen months those leaders have been replaced by people who share the Vatican's views. The sacking of Father Cardenal from his order—but not from the priesthood—gave the impression that Rome was hanging tough in regard to Nicaragua. However, as both the Sandinistas and the Nicaraguan bishops who oppose them know, the Jesuit order is not the Vatican.

Evidence that *Ostpolitik* is still in force with regard to Managua appeared after Father Cardenal's expulsion. On December 26, Daniel Ortega Saavedra, Nicaragua's newly elected President, announced that reconciliation meetings had begun between him and the hierarchy of the Nicaraguan church. The first three-hour session had been held on Christmas Day. "This dialogue," he said, "reflects the desire of our government and the members of the Conference of Bishops to find peace in Nicaragua." The talks are an outgrowth of the earlier ones at the Vatican and, according to Ortega, were focusing on "a series of points of conflict that will be overcome."

None of this means that the Vatican likes or approves of the Sandinistas. Rather, it signals a return to Rome's traditional pragmatism. The Vatican has positioned itself eventually to have normal relations with Nicaragua if the Sandinistas stay in power. Casaroli, the pragmatic Ostpolitician, won a point. There is no cause for cheering, however. The mood in the Vatican is essentially as authoritarian and reactionary as Pope John Paul II himself. □

Four More Years

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

four years. This first article is written as if there will be no change during the next four years in the focus and impact of progressive movements in the United States. The next two installments will discuss how to improve the left's chances of making this initial working assumption obsolete.

Winning Posterity for the Gipper

The Administration's priorities for the second term are not yet fully formed. Obvious conflicts remain—both inside the government and among its conservative backers—between monetarists and supply-siders on economic policy, between extremists and realists on foreign policy and be-

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tween bigots and pragmatists on social and ideological issues. Nonetheless, I think a game plan crystallized during the past year, which I will dub the Paper Eagles Plan to highlight its commitment to dollar imperialism and symbolic political commitments. It builds on five imperatives:

§ As a second-term President, Ronald Reagan will be more and more concerned about his own historical record and the future of conservative politics in the United States, turning toward rhetorical coalition politics and away from the messiness of interminable conflict.

§ Two interest groups, the financial community and the military establishment, are tightening their grips on Administration priorities.

§ Domestic and foreign economic policy will focus more closely on the interests of those in the banking community, seeking both to protect the value of the dollars they hold and to enhance their leverage over the global economy.

§ Foreign and military policy will pursue a delicate compromise between symbolic confrontations with the communist "menace" and potentially risky interventions abroad. The Administration will continue justifying the need for a bigger defense budget while trying to avoid the costs of explosive domestic opposition and the danger of becoming bogged down in a 1980s Vietnam.

§ While placing increasing emphasis on the economic interests and social aspirations of those in the wealthiest third of the electorate, the Administration will downplay right-wing bigotry, which doesn't play well with yuppies and the upper crust.

Since this senario is hardly incontrovertible, the sources, logic and implications of the Paper Eagles Plan are best explored through an investigation of economic, foreign and social issues.

Dollar Shackles on the Domestic Economy

The economic issue worked for Ronald Reagan in 1984, but it won't for the rest of his Presidency. In the first place, at a relatively superficial level, the halcyon days of the recent recovery have passed, with much slower growth and possibly recession in the wings. More fundamentally, Reaganomics has not cured the advancing arteriosclerosis of the U.S. economy which began in the mid-1960s.

The unemployment rate is leveling off at slightly more than 7 percent, marking the third straight business cycle since the late 1960s in which the unemployment rate at its lowest point was higher than the previous cycle's low. (Its last low was 5.8 percent, in 1979.)

Workers are not better off. Despite some increase in take-home pay from late 1982 to early 1984, production workers' hourly wages, corrected for inflation and taxes, have already peaked for this cycle and are roughly 7 percent lower than at their previous business-cycle peak, in 1977.

Investment is also down. The net investment share, an index of how effectively the economy is adding to our productive capacity, has peaked at successively lower levels for the past three business cycles. It is now about 10 percent below its last cyclical crest, in 1979.

The productivity slowdown persists. Overall improvement in the economy's efficiency can be measured by comparing growth in hourly output from the peak of one business cycle to that in the next. That index of productivity growth has dropped by two-thirds over the last twenty years. The improvement between 1978 and 1984, by the most recent available data, was approximately 0.9 percent, the same as it was between 1973 and 1978—hardly evidence of rejuvenation.

Since the recovery has essentially passed, there is little reason to think that any of the most regressive trends of the past four years will be reversed during Reagan's second term. More and more Americans will live in poverty. Teenagers, members of minority groups and many women will increasingly suffer job and wage discrimination. Foreclosures of family farms are likely to reach epidemic proportions. Union membership as a percentage of the labor force will probably continue to decline. Production and nonsupervisory workers' share of the total national income, which fell from 52 percent in 1978 to about 48 percent in 1984, is likely to erode, particularly because growing numbers of them are moving into relatively low-wage jobs.

Prevailing economic policy is not merely a product of the greed and callousness of fat cats. It also reflects the heated sectoral struggle that raged behind the scenes while U.S. economic policy was being formulated during the 1960s and 1970s. On one side, many industrialists favored devaluation of the dollar to help offset the deterioration of their position in international competitive markets: if a devalued dollar could purchase fewer West German marks and Japanese yen, U.S. customers might purchase less West German steel and fewer Japanese transistor radios. On the other side, most financiers wanted to defend the value of the dollar to protect the exchange value of their dollar holdings, thus helping preserve their position as the world's leading bankers.

In 1979, after a series of international financial tremors resulted in a sharp run against the dollar, Paul Volcker's Federal Reserve Board moved dramatically to protect the dollar's reign, sharply reducing the growth of the money supply and driving up interest rates. As a result, the value of the dollar, measured against ten major currencies, increased by nearly 75 percent from 1979 to the end of 1984.

The consequences for the economy were traumatic. Slower monetary growth and high interest rates plunged America into the longest and deepest recession of the postwar period, helping inflate the Federal deficit, which always swells during recessions because of declining revenues and rising social assistance expenditures. Persistent U.S. trade deficits grew even worse, with the dollar buying so many more marks and yen that it became much more attractive for U.S. customers to buy West German steel and Japanese radios, not to mention automobiles and videocassette recorders. Employment in declining industries such as those producing steel and automobiles, many facing stiff import competition, was devastated. Meanwhile, Third World debt burdens increased sharply, both because slow growth in the advanced countries reduced their demand for Third World exports and because astronomical short-term

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HIGHLIGHTS

Last June, The Nation Fact-Finders visited Israel and returned with an enriched understanding of the Arab-Israeli conflict and of Israeli and Palestinian society. Tour participants met with many Israelis and Palestinians including: Labor Member of Knesset Abba Eban, Likud MK Ehud Olmert, feminist and civil rights activist MK Shulamit Aloni, Director General of the Foreign Ministry David Kimche, Mayor Elias Freij of Bethlehem, deposed Mayor Karim Khalaf of Ramallah, author A.B. Yehoshua, Bir Zeit University Prof. Salim Tamari, and researcher Meron Benvenisti. Here's what some Fact-Finders veterans had to say afterward:

"It was a wonderful, stimulating and informative trip. Within Israel the selection of speakers was much more balanced than I expected."
Arthur Meth, San Diego, California

"On the whole this trip was nearly perfect. . . . I learned a great deal from it."
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- **A firsthand look at conditions in the West Bank and Gaza Strip, including:**
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interest rates bloated the debtor countries' repayment obligations.

The U.S. economy has been held hostage, in short, to the interests of the banking community. U.S. economic policy has placed the value of the dollar ahead of the interests of U.S. industrialists, the needs of U.S. workers and the financial condition of many Third World countries, exacerbating what my colleague Gerald Epstein calls the triple debt problem of budget deficits, trade deficits and global indebtedness.

Those skewed policies are not likely to change in the next four years. Volcker's term extends through mid-1987. Donald Regan, Wall Street's other principal emissary to the Administration, has moved over to run the White House staff. Administration pressure for a unification of Fed and White House economic objectives has already intensified. As a result, the Federal Reserve will try to keep interest rates high enough to serve two objectives—to prop up the dollar, even in the face of record trade deficits, and to blackmail Congress into trimming Federal budget deficits. It will continue to rely on the International Monetary Fund's hard-nosed bargaining with Third World debtors to cope with global indebtedness. The Administration will give high priority to the passage of a unified tax-simplification package in order to divert efforts to trim the deficit by repealing the massive tax reductions of 1981-82, to win upper-middle-class support by lowering the top marginal income tax rates, and to tie up Congress while the Fed does its dirty work.

The forecast: Stagnation, spreading industrial wreckage and a rising possibility of a sudden collapse of the dollar or Third World default or both. All this in the service of a strong dollar and the interests of U.S. bankers.

Defending the Paper Empire

Many on the left still fear that the President will order troops into Nicaragua. I think those fears are misplaced. The Paper Eagles Plan will likely emphasize symbolic foreign confrontations and the avoidance of costly military involvements. The dollar can reign anywhere: bankers don't need U.S. armed forces to protect their access to any particular country. And the military establishment seems increasingly aware of the risks of intervention, a lesson learned not just in Vietnam but also in Lebanon.

To develop this somewhat unconventional projection, I have rated the Cold War Quotient (CWQ) of six major foreign policy issues (current and prospective) on a scale of 0 to 10. A ranking of 0 indicates a tasty bone tossed to the moderates in the Administration (or to moderate opponents outside), and a 10 indicates a zealot's epiphany.

Arms Negotiations: CWQ 3.5. We can expect little substantive progress from the new arms negotiations with the Russians, but the Administration will keep talks of some kind going because they serve as a smokescreen for other projects with a higher CWQ or provide bargaining chips with Congress for new weapons systems. As I.F. Stone noted in the recent *Nation* symposium, "The Administration is going to Geneva because it has finally realized that an arms negotiation fig leaf is an essential component in maintaining the arms race" [see "What Will Come of the Geneva Talks?" January 12].

Central America: CWQ 5.0. Continuation of support for the *contras* in Nicaragua and encouragement to the right in El Salvador seems likely, but the Administration will probably not risk any deeper involvement in the region. A policy of "moderation"—relative to the dire expectations that have been aroused—offers many advantages, including favorable treatment in the media and leverage with an increasingly wary Congress.

South Africa: CWQ 5.7. U.S. foreign policy will become much more visible both because of mounting opposition in the United States and because of the likelihood of serious domestic unrest in South Africa. While I suspect few members of the Reagan Administration rigidly support apartheid, many U.S. corporations consider continued access to cheap South African labor and raw materials vital. Also, the United States needs South African gold to avoid becoming dependent on the Soviet Union—the only other significant producer of the metal. Those imperatives will make it difficult for the Reagan Administration to pressure Pretoria to grant concessions to blacks.

Military Spending: CWQ 7.8. They used to call him Cap the Knife, but Caspar Weinberger might now be dubbed Un-Cap the Pentagon. Apparently spurred more by an abstract and pious militarism and by the defense industry than by any particular foreign policy strategy, Un-Cap and his supporting hawks are likely to push for an annual growth in real military spending of at least 5 percent over the next four years. The Strategic Defense Initiative, otherwise known as Star Wars, provides an irresistible stalking-horse for their appeals. Conversely, risky military involvements overseas could tarnish the Pentagon's image and make Congress more tightfisted with appropriations.

Intervention Somewhere Else: CWQ 8.4. If stalled in Central America, the hawks may search for quicker, more exciting and much less costly interventions to save the world from communism. In a speech last November 28, Un-Cap argued against allowing "our military forces to creep—or be drawn gradually—into a combat role in Central America or any other place in the world." The two most plausible targets for new interventions are either a mouse that won't roar, like Grenada, or a pro-American authoritarian regime which the zealots hope can be saved if we act quickly and decisively enough. Reagan's blindingly simple-minded analysis of Philippine opposition to Marcos as entirely communist exposes the mentality that could make the second kind of intervention possible. The principal advantage of intervention somewhere else over escalation in Central America is that it would take the citizenry—and, most important, the antiwar forces—by surprise. If the cost in lives and money could be kept low and the effort succeeded in permanently retiring the Clare Boothe Luce Memorial 'China First' Trophy for saving some country, any country, from the communists, the rewards would be commensurately great.

Antiterrorist Raids: CWQ 9.4. My divining rod signals

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that should the Administration find itself stalled on several fronts, domestic or foreign, it will seek to demonstrate its vigilance and machismo. Striking a blow against the forces of international terrorism would be a tempting tactic. Such gestures pose a minimal risk of getting bogged down in a war and often yield a rich political harvest. Since there will undoubtedly be many provocations, one or two counter-terrorist raids per year seem likely.

Making America Safe and Comfortable for a Few

Because one objective of the Paper Eagles Plan is to build a broad conservative coalition, the Administration's positions on social issues in the new term will resemble a middle-class velvet glove concealing a Falwellian iron fist. I've rated the Selfishness and Nastiness Quotient (SNQ) of four prospective (and overlapping) clusters of issues. A score of 0 reflects the least egregious affront to democratic values and a perfect 10 indicates something that will send chills up and down even Jesse Helms's spine.

Celebrating the Bloom of Life: SNQ 3.4. At least implicitly, the issue of age will become an increasingly important thread running through social debate. Yuppies will continue to celebrate their good fortunes, encouraged by the Administration's easing of their tax burdens. Rising Social Security taxes will induce further resentment among working Americans against the meager provisions made for senior citizens. Rising teen-age unemployment may breed anger and a higher crime rate among young people. And the continuing crisis in public education will spark more local protests about where all those property-tax dollars are going. The generation gaps will widen accordingly.

Revenge of the Wastes: SNQ 3.8. We can expect a number of chemical explosions and new Love Canals to mar the face of the land during the next four years. The new Administration, needless to say, is unlikely to favor imposing the cleanup costs on the offending corporations. Expect a running legislative battle over the allocation of costs for cleanup and indemnification.

The Quest for Scapegoats: SNQ 7.3. With growing unemployment, intensified frustration among pro-life groups and a rising tide of illegal immigration, we are likely to see more hostility toward people who are nonwhite, pro-choice or poor. (With its sense of the national mood, the White House solicited "clean-cut, all-American" actors for its Inauguration showcase.) We can probably expect the Administration to push for stricter immigration controls. After Reagan has appointed some pro-life justices to the Supreme Court, the right will step up its campaign to have *Roe v. Wade* overruled. And with the Administration turning its face, private vigilantism and abortion-clinic bombings may accelerate, with self-defense groups and the Ku Klux Klan proliferating. (Will the C.I.A. distribute manuals for domestic *contras* as well?)

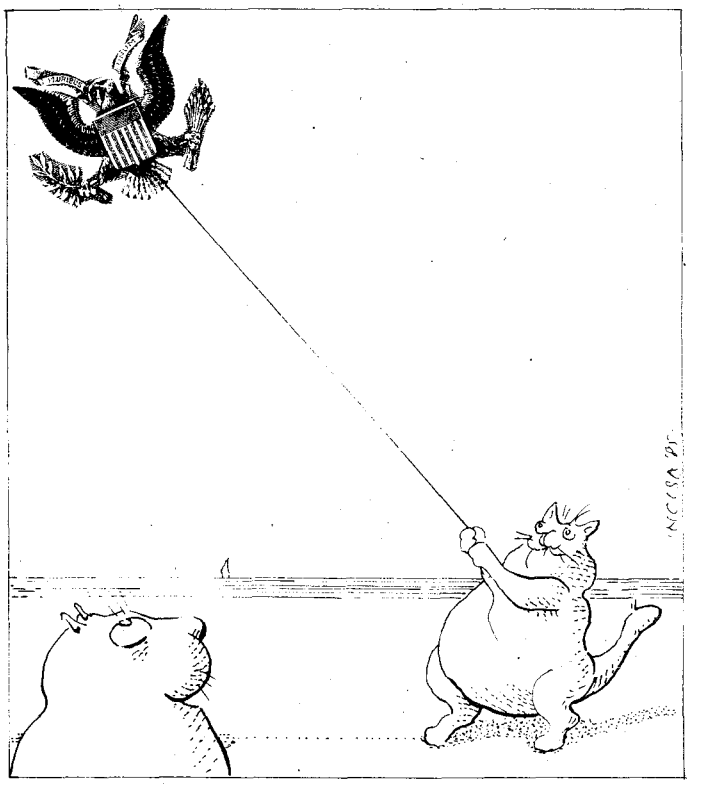
Ripening Repression: SNQ 8.2. What Diana R. Gordon calls the crime/justice juggernaut will threaten civil liberties and social justice. In 1982 alone, thirty state prisons were opened, and ninety corrections facilities or additions were under construction. Nearly 1.25 million people are employed in crime-control jobs. The Comprehensive Crime Control Act of 1984 sets dangerous precedents, particularly regarding preventive detention, and the Supreme Court has eviscerated the exclusionary rule for evidence that is seized illegally. The trend toward making arrest records widely accessible through vast computer networks threatens the employability of millions of Americans. Perhaps the most ominous possibility is the use of campaigns against international terrorism to justify abridgments of First Amendment rights.

The Struggle Over Political Party Strategies

During Reagan's first term, many of us thought the Republicans would move toward a more unified conservative center of gravity, thus sharpening the distinctions between them and the Democrats. The contrast between the two parties' conventions reinforced that view. Now, however, it appears that the lines between the parties will blur even more, with three distinct and parallel orientations emerging in each.

Courting the Sunrise Constituencies. Already the neoliberals represent an important and cohesive faction in the Democratic Party. Gary Hart served as its point man in the last election, but many others wait in the wings. As Thomas Byrne Edsall points out in *The New Politics of Inequality*, a new generation of Democratic leaders—the Dodds, Bradleys and Bidens, the Wirths and Gephardts—is rapidly gaining power in Congress and will constitute an important locus of power in the next four years.

Similarly, a group of young Atari Republicans is coming to the fore. In the House they have formed the Conservative Opportunity Society (C.O.S.). They like Reagan and are mad about Jack Kemp, and they sound almost exactly like



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the neoliberals on every critical issue except foreign policy and on some social issues like abortion. Compare a classic neoliberal text—Paul Tsongas's *The Road From Here* or Hart's *A New Democracy*—with the C.O.S. bible, *Window of Opportunity*, by Representative Newt Gingrich. Both rhapsodize about high technology, tax breaks, entrepreneurial initiative, market incentives and educational innovation. It is no surprise that many members of Congress speak of a possible merger between the Bradley-Gephardt and Kemp-Kasten tax bills. Other such convergences of neoleft and neoright can be expected.

Don't Forget the Traditional Industries. Last year, it appeared that the Democrats might not only monopolize the discussion about industrial policy but actually offer some serious proposals for top-down planning. Now it appears that a significant movement may develop within the Republican Party representing the interests of large industrial capital, and that it will vie with liberals for the corporatist torch, aiming to revive struggling industries and perk up limp profit sheets through government investment subsidies. Since business interests gravitate to where the political power is and since the Republicans have at least four more years of it, that strategy is bound to spread within the G.O.P., leading to the possibility of collaboration between its proponents in both parties to counter the allure of high-tech glamour and help older giants now reeling from the blows of international competition. With his usual political acumen, Kevin P. Phillips provides strategic guidelines for this trend in his book *Staying on Top*. As Phillips concludes, "Any new U.S. trade and economic strategy in the 1980s will represent not so much a triumph of any one side as a fusion of ideas and viewpoints that tilt in the business nationalist direction."

Courting the Rest of Us? But where does that leave the rest of us? Although the interests and needs of the vast majority of Americans do not appear to be central to the strategies of either party, we aren't written off entirely.

The Republicans hope to court the nonaffluent by repeating the themes of 1984: There's hope for the future. Let's make America great again so we can stand tall. The fundamentalist right will add its murky elixir of evangelical appeals and reactionary views on ideological, racial and gender issues to the brew.

The mainstream Democratic Party is trying to walk a much finer line. It proclaims its traditional commitment to fairness while avoiding a real commitment to any significant progressive economic initiatives. Its 1984 convention served as a paradigm: attention was paid to the Rainbow Coalition, but how many of Jesse Jackson's platform planks were adopted?

How will the Democrats resolve their ambivalence about the rest of us? Will they echo the Republicans' pious and sometimes repressive ideological appeals? Or will they address the legitimate problems and needs of roughly two-thirds of the citizenry?

The next installment of this series will explore strategies for trying to put the rest of us back on the political agenda. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Storytellers' Stories

DELL HYMES

AMERICAN INDIAN MYTHS AND LEGENDS. *Selected and edited by Richard Erdoes and Alfonso Ortiz. Pantheon. 528 pp. $19.95.*

Richard Erdoes was born in Frankfurt, Germany, and has written much on the American West. Alfonso Ortiz, a Tewa from San Juan Pueblo, New Mexico, is professor of anthropology at the University of New Mexico, holder of a MacArthur Fellowship and a leader of the Association on American Indian Affairs. Their collaboration comes at an odd juncture in the cultural politics of American Indian verbal art.

Twenty years ago there was a marked revival of attention to Indian traditions; old monographs were ransacked for new anthologies. Now public attention has waned again. There is still in this country not one university chair devoted to the literatures and languages of the first people of the continent. There are still many who do not think that the first literature of the continent even deserves to be taken seriously, who think that such sympathetic attention as it receives is due to political or romantic identification. Yet at the same time three transformations of the situation slowly gather strength. One is the emergence of a modern literature by Indian authors. Another is the emergence of sustained critical and literary attention to traditional texts. A third is the discovery that the traditional texts are not what they have appeared to be on the printed page. They are not prose, but a kind of poetry; not paragraphs, but lines and groups of lines.

How does this new collection fit into the changing scene? For those who do not know the range and vitality of American Indian narratives, it is a good read indeed. For those who think of such tradition as extinct, it will be a surprise to find that so many of the stories have been collected in recent years, and not only on reservations. Of the 166 narratives, a good third are published here for the first time. Ortiz contributes seven translated from Tewa. Erdoes contributes a Cheyenne story heard at a Crow intertribal fair; a Brulé Sioux story from around a powwow campfire at Pine Ridge, South Dakota; a Cherokee story told at a Cherokee treaty council meeting in New York City. Leonard Crow Dog told Erdoes stories at Rosebud reservation and also in New York City. Indians in cities, even in suits and ties, may still command a living oral tradition, in English if not otherwise.

The collection does favor the Southwest and the Midwest, especially the Sioux there; each of those regions contributes about a quarter of the stories. But all regions and kinds of story are represented.

The book does not touch on the use of stories like these in the literature created by N. Scott Momaday, Leslie Marmon Silko, Simon Ortiz, Duane Niatum, James Welch and others. That is beyond its intended scope, no doubt, but the ancient traditions live in new ways in the words of such writers. More surprising, the book does not tell where one might find out more. Is the information left out because it might interfere with a sense of direct, unmediated experience? Its omission puts the public, including the Indian public, at the back of the bus, allowed to enjoy the stories as entertainment but not to join the conversation about them, and not allowed to know why such stories have commanded the devotion of some of the best scholars of the century.

What is striking about the book is the difference in the way the old and the new are treated. The new material is attributed to individuals. The older material is attributed only to tribes. We learn the names (with one shy exception) of the tellers visited by Erdoes, and something interesting about them. Not so with those whose stories are taken into the book from other books. Sometimes the origin of the stories is not accurately given, or not given at all. The book's one myth from the Kalapuya, who once lived in the Willamette Valley of Oregon, is said to be "told by Barry Lopez in 1977." Lopez changed it when he put it in his own anthology. The story was actually told in Kalapuya by John B. Hudson, an Indian I had the privilege of meeting. Why should an anthology preserve a rewriting by a non-Indian and let the name of the Indian source be lost?

Maybe scholarship and accuracy are thought to be out of place in such a book. A scholar may be inconvenienced but can usually find out the stories' origins. But an Indian at the recently reinstituted reservations of the Willamette Valley, Grand Ronde and Siletz, aware of some Kalapuya ancestry, perhaps through Hudson, would probably like to find Hudson's name here. One aware of some Alsea ancestry, finding an Alsea story here, and seeking to trace it, would be stopped altogether. No reference at all.

Why care about the names of Indians long dead, unless one is descended from them? Because the fundamental challenge to all of us is to realize that the stories told years ago, like those told today, come from individuals. Personal creative use of tradition did not begin in our lifetime. It is as old as the narrative art itself. True, the older collectors helped to obscure that fact. They usually gave the names of their sources, and thanked them, but would publish stories told by a single person as if they stood for a whole community. The texts we have in the language of the Clackamas Chinook, who lived near Oregon City, Oregon, reveal that many myths were dramatically re-interpreted by a line of women in that shattered culture. Male adventures are turned around by the viewpoint of women affected by them. But the collector took these stories to be simply expressive of the Clackamas.

The individual sources, then, are in a sense creators as well as preservers. When what they said is accurately recorded, and the devices and designs they employed are understood, one can hear both a tribal art and a personal voice.

It is this exact artistry that must be the object of literary critical attention. To see it, we must have fresh editions of the old collections, editions that "liberate" the stories from margin-to-margin paragraphs, and show their lines and groupings of lines. John B. Hudson's Kalapuya story "Coyote takes water from the frog people," reprinted here as changed by Lopez, comes out like this:

> Coyote was out hunting and he found a dead deer. One of the deer's rib bones looked just like a big dentalia shell, and Coyote picked it up and

Dell Hymes, an anthropologist, has spent thirty years studying Indian languages and traditions.

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took it with him. He went up to see the frog people. The frog people had all the water. When anyone wanted any water to drink or cook with or to wash, they had to go and get it from the frog people. Coyote came up . . .

John Hudson had in mind a somewhat different story. He began by announcing it as a Coyote story with the widespread conventional beginning "Coyote was going along." His Coyote was *not* out hunting. He did not just *pick up* a *big* dentalium shell, but ate all of a deer he found, setting aside one *small* rib. (The deer and its rib are both appropriately small; "small" is repeated three times). As so often, it is through chance and his appetites (here, his eating the whole deer, and at once) that Coyote gets the opportunity to do good for humanity. The deer's rib did not *look* like a dentalium (money bead) shell; Coyote *made* it so. Hudson's Coyote does not then just go to the frogs (who do not simply *have* all the water, but *sell*, make people buy, what should be freely available). He announces his intention. Hudson probably had fun taking Coyote's voice here. The rewriting takes both voices away.

Here is how Hudson began the story:

(A) (a) Coyote was going along.
A small deer had died.
Now then Coyote found it.
(b) Now then he ate it all.
He set aside one small rib.
(c) Now then he made a money bead out of the small rib of the deer.
(B) Now then together the frogs had the water.
They stood guard over the water all the time.
All the time the people bought it.
(C) Now then Coyote said:
"I am going to drink water,
"The frogs' water."

Notice that he employs a traditional Kalapuya pattern of grouping lines or actions into sets of three or five. In a set of three the first action is an onset, the second an ongoing, the third an outcome: here, finding the deer; eating it and setting aside the rib; making the bead. The intended grouping is shown by the three occurrences of the initial marker, translated "Now then." The action proper begins with its first use, culminating the introductory verse of the first three lines. ("Coyote was going along" is not so much an action as a formulaic beginning, like "Once upon a time.") The second set has just three lines about the frogs, each with an expression of time. The third set, completing the opening scene, gives us Coyote's words, framing the rest of the story. The three-part patterning applies at this level too: the stanza about the deer is onset, the lines about the frogs ongoing, Coyote's direct speech the outcome.

This is just an opening section of a story, but perhaps it gives a sense of the ways the specific words shape such a story, arousing and satisfying expectation (in Kenneth Burke's terms), and, in full stories, giving point to comic or tragic events, providing placement for voices, signaling import by pace or elaboration within an implicit frame. Form and meaning go together. To change the form is to change the meaning and, in important part, to erase the artistry that kept an audience engrossed.

Much of the style of American Indian narratives—the absence of description, use of direct speech, variation within repetition—is shared with narrative sections of the Hebrew Bible (see Robert Alter, *The Art of Biblical Narrative*). As in stories such as that of David and Bathsheba, traditional materials are unified through subtlety in repetition and variation. American Indian narratives, accurately seen, show that literary imagination of this kind may be a universal human possession. We ought to ask of future anthologists that they make this clear.

Moreover, the shaping in terms of a community's formal patterning has been available for personal experience as well. A somewhat shapeless encounter may be reported at the end of the day as a terse, effective story. Experience generally can become story, and the tacit logic of action is available to give experience assured form. Perhaps here most of all in Indian life "a cool web of language winds us in." The more we take the actual shape of Indian stories seriously, the more we shall come to understand that web and world. □

The Cartoon Epic

ANDREW KOPKIND

Starman
2010
The Terminator
Supergirl

When museums of post-modern art in twenty-first-century culture malls mount their great film retrospectives, the elaborate cartoons and extended comic strips of the 1970s and '80s will no doubt be shown as the representative achievements of their period. Forget *Kramer vs. Kramer*; forget family dramas, farm weepers and Woody Allen after *Sleeper*. Long after *Sophie's Choice* disappears from our collective film consciousness, *Sheena, Queen of the Jungle* will be in perpetual repertory with *Battlestar Galactica*.

The blockbuster cartoon epic is Hollywood's essential project for this generation, in the way that the Technicolor musical set, dressed and filled the stage of an earlier era. It took some time, but the musical was finally recognized as a consummate expression of the American pop sensibility on celluloid, a distinctive, energetic, intelligent and even progressive film form, rich in variations of attitude as well as quality, which cannily reflected the times in which it flourished. The musical dropped out in the 1960s, and despite valiant, even brilliant attempts to give it a rock beat (*Tommy*, *Hair*), it remains dormant.

There's no need for the Hollywood musical anymore. An hour of MTV or any network knockoff more than fills the need for song, dance, color and synthetic fog. In a recent article on the singer Madonna, critic Stephen Holden remarked that she "suggests a contemporary equivalent of blonde bombshells like Marilyn Monroe." So who needs *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* when Madonna's "Like a Virgin" video is available twenty-four hours a day? For those who absolutely have to get it in front of the big screen, there are still the teensicals—the degraded form of the musical that once included the Elvis movies and the Beach Party series and now offers *Flashdance*, *Footloose*, *Breakin'* and other drive-in favorites.

But the old musical was less about its content than about its shape: pure spectacle. That function has been assumed by the epic cartoons of science fiction and fantasy, surely the most entertaining, sociologically interesting and commercially successful cultural products of this period. They give us language ("Star

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Wars strategy"), heroes (Indiana Jones), symbols (the Ghostbusters logo), sexual icons (Barbarella, Superman), great Satans (Darth Vader), God-in-a-drum (the *2001* obelisk) and hope of salvation (*Close Encounters of the Third Kind*). They provide boundless material for psychological argument and political analysis. Does the violence these movies depict provoke similarly violent responses in the audience, or does it offer a harmless sublimation? Is there a link between the escapism, infantilism, self-indulgence and friendly fascism of the films and similar strains in Reaganism? Is *Dune* a metaphor for Iran? Semioticians busily parse plots, scenes and characters for evidence of structural archetypes: the "absent father" myth in *E.T.*, the "death and transfiguration" theme in *2001: A Space Odyssey*, the dream of flying-as-erection in the Superperson movies, visions of heaven and hell in the post-holocaust genre. Of course, really determined *cinéastes* can make what they want of any movie from *Love Story* to *Poltergeist*. But the impact of the cartoon spectacles is so great at the moment that they seem to hold meanings for our lives that are missing in other films. We are all Kubrick's children, Spielberg's siblings and, I suppose, Trekkies in spite of ourselves.

Not one of the current spate of fantasy epics achieves classic stature, but a few have considerable charm, originality and wit. The best is *Starman*, John Carpenter's yuppie update of the 1950s gem *The Day the Earth Stood Still*. In that dim black-and-white past, Michael Rennie was deposited by a spaceship on the grounds of the Washington Monument to bring a message of peace and brotherhood to a cold war world. Needless to say, the authorities were unheeding, and Rennie had to perform an impressive feat of cosmic science to convince the Earthlings of his power. His legendary incantation still rings through inner space: "Gort—klaatu barada nikto." Unfortunately, only an attractive widow (Patricia Neal) and her child (father was absent) believed that he was good as well as omnipotent, and in the end, he took off for a star unknown, to wait for Earth to come to its senses. And we were advised in another Carpenter pre-make, *The Thing*, "Keep watching the skies."

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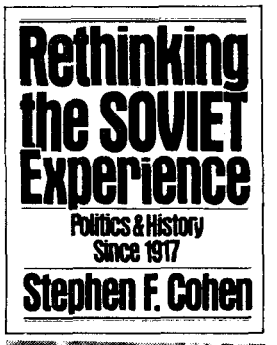

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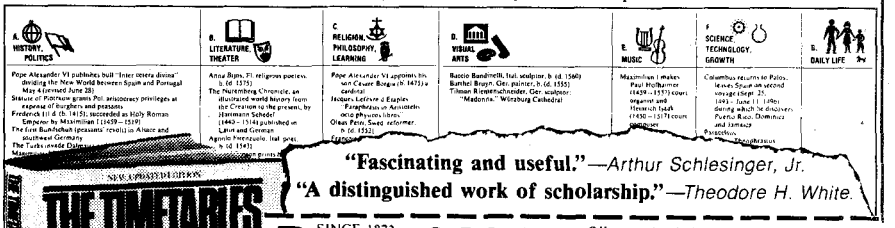

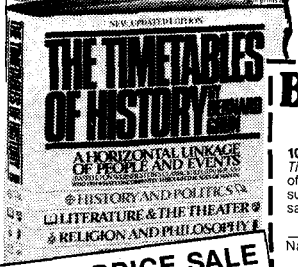
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from Kurt Waldheim (via the Voyager space probe) to visit Earth, and they have sent Jeff Bridges with their own message of good will. Bridges doesn't start out as Bridges; initially he's a great ball of fire that can take any form he chooses. But having only the cassettes and videotapes on the Voyager to learn from, he lands in Northern Michigan, singing "Satisfaction" and sounding like Kurt Waldheim and Carl Sagan, which must not be very appealing to Karen Allen, who plays the young widow he finds alone in her cabin in the woods.

But Bridges is no stone, despite the absence of a romantic tradition on his astral plane (could it be Vulcan?). Soon enough he is transformed into a lover from another planet, and the intergalactic couple set off across Western America only a few jumps ahead of the same unheeding authorities we left in the earlier cold war. At that point, the space movie becomes a road movie, but with miraculous turns: the Starman can raise the dead, heal wounds, bend metal from a distance and generally perform like Uri Geller and the Messiah. He is also fantastic in the sack, and before he ascends to the heavens in a dazzling epiphany, he leaves his Earthlady with a mutant bun in the oven.

All this is accomplished with a prominent tongue in the cheek. Carpenter takes his technology no more seriously than his romance, but he condescends to neither. He has come a long way since *Halloween*, and in *Starman* he displays considerable subtlety, irony and taste. Carpenter uses his special effects sparingly and plays them well against intimate details. And he can't resist comic twists on classic turns. As humans always ask of extraterrestrial visitors, Karen Allen wants her alien boyfriend to point out his distant niche in the universe. But Bridges isn't sure: that star there . . . no, there. In any case, you can be sure that Starbaby will be watching the skies when he grows up and that more visitations are in the cards.

Like *Starman*, *2010* ("The Year We Make Contact") is a movie about cosmic hope. In this case, the cold war is heating up; the Russians and the Americans are fighting over Central America—Honduras, I think it is. Soviet scientists are still wondering whatever happened to Stanley Kubrick's trans-Jovian expedition. Apparently they didn't understand the ending of *A Space Odyssey* any better than the stoned freaks who saw it thirty-seven times in America.

Since science is removed from the vicissitudes of politics, the Russians get permission to bring American experts along on their mission to investigate the whereabouts of the Discovery from *2001*. The man who built the vehicle, played by Roy Scheider, is invited, along with two classic nerds, an engineer (John Lithgow) prone to space sickness ("Don't look down!" Scheider suggests during an extravehicular walk) and a computer hack (Bob Balaban) who alone can reactivate HAL.

Unfortunately, director-writer-cinematographer Peter Hyams has identified his movie too closely with Soviet literalness and American technology, a deadly combination. Kubrick's great achievement was his evocative imagery: *2001* was about not-knowing, about seeing, about soaring, about tripping. The ending did not come with Keir Dullea in his mysterious Louis XV sitting room but with the explosive rebirth of cosmic consciousness. You could say it was silly, but it wasn't dumb.

Not so with *2010*. Hyams spells it all out, or almost all (we never find out for sure about the monoliths). Just as a missile crisis threatens to blow up the Water Planet, Keir Dullea returns to prophesy the dawning of a new sun. So awesome is the sight that war is averted on Earth and politics abolished in outer space. Tell that to George Shultz.

The nuclear holocaust has already happened as *The Terminator* begins, and the usual postcataclysm mopping up is in progress—the kind of Hobbesian nightmare projected in *The Road Warrior*, *Blade Runner* and *Red Dawn*. But hope springs eternal. We are led to believe that historical cause and effect are reversible, that the future can reinvent the past. The bad guys of the postwar world are not really guys at all but machines, and they send one of their kind back to the twentieth century to eliminate the human ancestor of their only effective opponent. The time traveler is an advanced android, or cyborg (Arnold Schwarzenegger), who simply won't take no for an answer. He fashions an impressive arsenal from an ordinary ammo shop and goes about blasting everything in sight on the theory that his prey will get hit in the barrage. But the target mother has a protector as well. The good guys from the future (real humans) send their own representative back to L.A. (where else?) to warn her and forestall Terminator Schwarzenegger as best he can.

There's more mayhem in their brief encounters than has been seen in years of sci-fi movies, but it is neither sickening nor particularly terrifying. We're talking hard-core comics now, and *The Terminator* is no more real than "Superheroes" or "Masters of the Universe." What's more, it is fast and funny and it takes us into its campy confidences. When one character tries to explain the space-time dynamic and how it is possible for effects to influence their causes, she gives up in exasperation. "If you try to figure it out," she confesses, "you go crazy." I can imagine the writers coming up with that line late one night after a frustrating session on the Kaypro.

Schwarzenegger is said to have been offered the human part but chose the cyborg role instead. It was a brilliant choice. More humongous than the Ayatollah of Rock and Rolla, fiercer than King Kong, bulkier than the Incredible Hulk, he has finally found his movie métier. Linda Hamilton is effective as the once and future mother, and James Cameron constructs his movie with the slap and dash of an early Carpenter. They hardly make good "B" movies like this anymore, but they should.

The Terminator is likable in its thumpy way precisely because it is low-budget, tacky and transparent. *Supergirl*, another space-help-wanted cartoon, suffers from lowered expectations as well as tired blood. *Superman* through *Superman III* have just about exhausted whatever interest there was in Kryptonic culture, and when Supergirl (Helen Slater) bumbles to Earth on a teen-age lark, there is nothing very original for her to do except show her postpubescent cleavage (funny, Christopher Reeve's spandex bodystocking went all the way to the neck). Her journey would be a total loss if it were not for the appearance of Faye Dunaway, who plays a carnival fortuneteller and Supergirl's nemesis. In a sense it is too bad that Dunaway has been consigned to rococo roles and gothic pantomimes, but she seems to take enormous pleasure in the parts. Nobody struts and stares better; those eyes of Laura Mars can melt kryptonite and those Joan Crawford

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shoulders can pierce the Teen of Steel. Unfortunately, the plot has Dunaway and Slater fighting like two alley cats scratching over a tom, and that's a far cry from the noble mission of the supermale. Jeannot Szwarc, who directed, is now at work on *Santa Claus*, another supermovie due out next Christmas, and one can only hope that he doesn't run another myth into the ground. □

Goodbye, Cruel World

EDWARD FOX

EMPIRE OF THE SUN. *By J.G. Ballard. Simon & Schuster. 279 pp. $16.95.*

J. G. Ballard's name carries cult status in Britain, where he occupies the turbulent void between science fiction and the literary avant-garde, a dim region also inhabited by his mentor, William Burroughs. He is famous for the icy and macabre notions formulated in novels like *Crash*, *High-Rise* and *The Drowned World*.

Ballard describes *Empire of the Sun* as "an eyewitness account of events I observed during the Japanese occupation of Shanghai and within the camp at Lungha," where he was interned with his parents at a tender age. It is a curious contribution to the literature of survival, and an important addition to the Ballard canon. His first novel that doesn't resemble science fiction, it serves as a kind of portrait of the artist as a young entropist. It is as well crafted and chilly as anything he has written.

Characters hardly matter in Ballard's decaying universe. Only the 11-year-old hero, an English schoolboy named Jim (Ballard's name), sustains interest. To Ballard, people are defined by the physical spaces that contain them. We are no more than throbbing organic matter among futuristic objects, and the objects are slightly more interesting. At his most sympathetic, he evinces a dry sadness for his people, trapped as they are amid chaos, with nothing to console them but their Pavlovian responses.

In *Crash*, Ballard invented a new kind of lust, the "techno-erotic," which perhaps has its visual equivalent in the paintings of James Rosenquist. To Vaughan, the hero of that novel, there is something weirdly arousing about car crashes, about the way mangled flesh sensually mingles with shattered glass and bent metal. Vaughan dies in a kamikaze-style blaze of glory when he drives head-on into the limousine of pop icon Elizabeth Taylor. He plans the fatal crash with minute, obsessive attention to detail, and injures himself in numerous practice runs for the final fling: "He talked of these wounds and collisions with the erotic tenderness of a long-separated lover."

Jim, a precocious polymath who is fascinated by aircraft, is like Vaughan in short trousers. His eye for detail is unnaturally acute, as when he notices a familiar mark on a Chinese beggar: "He could see the pattern of the Packard's Firestone tires in the old man's left foot."

Jim loses his parents in the chaos of the Japanese invasion of Shanghai. He adapts instantly to his strange new life, eating cocktail olives, crackers and soda water in the deserted mansions of the foreign quarter where he lived, later almost thriving as a resourceful adolescent prisoner in the internment camp outside the city. After three years of fending off starvation, Jim wonders if life will continue after the war ends, or if a new war, World War III, has already begun. To him it is quite natural that having grown used to war, people should not want it to end. The haze of malnutrition and disease blurs in his mind the distinctions between life and death, war and peace. While trudging across a marshy wasteland, he encounters the body of a kamikaze pilot and puts his fingers in its mouth; the body bites him.

Jim and the surviving internees are eventually taken to a sports stadium which has been appropriated by the Japanese and used to store looted cars and furniture. Jim munches grains of rancid rice and wanders among living and partly living bodies, surrounded by commandeered limousines and bleachers filled with wardrobes and dining tables. From this surreal setting he sees the lurid glow of the atom bomb exploding over Nagasaki, 400 miles away.

After his release, Jim scavenges for cigarettes, spam, dried milk and magazines dropped from American planes, until he is abruptly ordered into a truck

Edward Fox is a graduate student in Arabic at Columbia University.

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and taken to meet his parents, who seem "older and far away." The novel ends when Jim is sent by boat to a public school in England, presumably to continue honing his survival skills—the strangest and iciest twist of all.

Empire of the Sun throws up occasional gems. Jim sees, early on,

> a Chinese teapot three stories high built entirely from green bricks. . . . it had been holed by shellfire and now resembled a punctured globe of the earth. Thousands of the bricks had migrated across the surrounding fields to the villages beside the works canal, incorporated in the huts and dwellings, a vision of a magical rural China.

But the novel doesn't yield such treasures willingly. This is a self-contained universe, where things happen slowly and in strict sequence. At times *Empire of the Sun* resembles the static, hermetically sealed, artificial worlds of Wyndham Lewis's novels, where the ups and downs, the climaxes and emotional tension of fiction are bled out in the interests of constructing a clinical and efficient narrative. Ballard's technique is fiction's equivalent of the robot car factory.

Ballard casts few veils over his own history in this autobiographical novel. The most obvious departure he makes from what really happened is in editing out his parents. Playing it as straight as he can, he limits his urge to make the story taller but allows himself the liberty of bizarre similes to express the strangeness of the experience: "The rotting coffins projected from the loose earth like a chest of drawers."

It may be true that schoolboys of Jim's age and background don't think about their parents much and inhabit violent dream worlds, but it is amazing and perversely intriguing that an author should take as harrowing an experience as this and present it with such stylized impersonality. In his first venture beyond genre fiction, Ballard wears his pacemaker squarely on his sleeve. □

LITTLE BIRTHDAY ODE

for William Heyen

Remember when you played your last game
of soccer, the high from competition,
that word the sixties renounced? Grace
held the whole of you, dancing the ball
on the tongue of your toe the way Roethke
could talk a dragonfly over the water.
Anyone could see what a man was meant
to do with the world singing like that.
We wanted to teach, and gladly were taught
from disco to DC, lost friends, dope, talk
endless as the nights scoring into dawn.
Our poems dreamed us silky quick as wings.

Lowell called himself a generation, but
counted in Berryman, Jarrell, and Taylor,
whose stories live on. The man's heartsick.
The first three are gone, God's yeomen.
Books now chew them back like old cuds,
the green slime slipping from critic lips.
Safely tenured, they pad through cowpies
while the poets become fodder for theses.
What about the lines that knife past harms,
alcohol, madness, war, McCarthy, and love,
their game of words with life at stake?
Does this mean *generation*? Of what?

You write upstate New York's elm elegies
still fire the heart. You love your wife.
We've published, prospered. Now come aches
with white snow or dogwood's bloody blossom,
the country throb named like a Nazi uncle,
Whitman, the ocean's ghosts that pull us
to lines light as insects heading home. We
wander, middle-aged, tentative with grace,
survivors of the sixties, Vietnam. Now what?
My two students jumped at 30, promised books
not out. I'm 40, Bill, and tired, and scared.

Dave Smith

MUSIC.

GEORGE DE STEFANO

Remember Reggae?

Back in the mid-1970s rock critics proclaimed that the sound of Jamaica would be the next big thing in pop music. With hindsight, the naïveté of that claim becomes obvious. During that time, the music market fragmented; no longer did any one form dominate popular tastes, as rock had in the 1960s. Reggae, a foreign music with a funny beat, performed by singers whose accents confounded American ears, hardly stood a chance of conquering the mass market. Several reggae artists, most notably Jimmy "The Harder They Come" Cliff and Peter Tosh, tried to overcome the resistance by diluting their music. Their gamble succeeded only in alienating the small but loyal audience of serious fans.

Today few reggae records crack the pop charts, and without hits, groups or solo artists don't get much chance to tour. While undiluted reggae hangs onto the periphery of the pop market, reggae-derived hits by such non-Jamaican superstars as Boy George, Tina Turner and Sting get all the glory.

Why such a comedown for an idiom that was touted both as great dance music and as a force for spiritual renewal and political revolt? Music journalist Nelson George blames a fickle white audience for reggae's commercial collapse. George, who is black, says hip young whites have tired of reggae and are looking to other styles—urban funk, the African pop of such artists as Nigeria's King Sunny Adé—for their fix of black exotica.

There's some truth to George's observation, but he fails to account for the disenchantment of many nontrendy fans. The fact is, reggae has lost its cutting edge: it seems unable to challenge

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and surprise its listeners. Rather than expand its formal vocabulary, much of the new reggae absorbs, often awkwardly, elements of rock and funk. Although celebrated for its acute social consciousness, 1980s reggae has little on its mind except the familiar Rastafarian moral precepts, not to mention the moon/June clichés of romantic balladry. Rebellion, restless energy and a commitment to truth-telling drew many to reggae, but those qualities are getting harder to find. An unmistakable sign of the music's decline is the success of Yellowman. Currently the hottest thing in reggae, Yellowman is less a singer than a rapper, Jamaican-style, who specializes in smutty, sexist doggerel.

Shortly before his death, in 1981, Bob Marley, the singer-songwriter who was reggae's most gifted and charismatic exponent, was expanding the music's stylistic range and capturing a mass following in America. But it wasn't only the loss of Marley that contributed to reggae's slump. Two other factors must be figured in: the change in Jamaica's political climate signaled by the 1980 election of right-wing Prime Minister Edward Seaga, and the exhaustion of Rastafarianism.

Although Marley and most reggae musicians kept their distance from Jamaican politics, it's undeniable that reggae's greatest creative period coincided with the eight years when Prime Minister Michael Manley and his People's National Party held power. Socialism, anti-imperialism and solidarity with other developing nations dominated Jamaican political discourse in the Manley era, and that climate nurtured the radical ruminations in the best of reggae. Not all Jamaican music was so sober-minded; for every militant reggae broadside there was a sentimental love song or a bawdy novelty tune. But in the mid- to late 1970s reggae so forcefully articulated the restless mood of the island's poor that certain records were banned from the airwaves.

Rastafari, the millennial religious-cultural movement whose followers deify the late Ethiopian Emperor Haile Selassie and reject "Babylon" (capitalism and its institutions), claimed the allegiance of nearly all reggae artists and much of Jamaica's youth and urban poor. At its peak, Rasta seemed to be pitting its black nationalist, anticapitalist ethos against that of bourgeois Creole society. But Rasta's atavisms—its disdain for politics and collective action, its religious obscurantism and its sometimes virulent sexism—prevented it from becoming the force for radical reform many hoped it would be.

Recent records by two bands steeped in Rastafari reflect reggae's current lassitude and loss of direction. Steel Pulse, a sextet composed of expatriate West Indians living in England, and Black Uhuru, a Kingston-based aggregation, write and play reggae that, like Bob Marley's, celebrates the economic and racial struggles of ordinary folk. But it's a long way down from *Tribute to the Martyrs*, Steel Pulse's second and best album, to their fifth and latest effort, *Earth Crisis* (Elektra). What sounded fresh and vibrant on earlier records has turned mechanical. The band plods on, displaying little of the flair for dynamics and exciting rhythmic contrasts that once distinguished their playing. The banal lyrics by lead singer David Hinds tell us that children are the hope of the future, that the bodyguards of dictators are nasty fellows and that humanity is in the midst of an "earth crisis." Hinds brings no special details, no sharp observations to these themes; he simply milks the ready-mades of Rastafarian lore. Worse, the reactionary side of Rasta gets aired in "Wild Goose Chase," with lyrics that condemn contraception and call abortion "legal murder."

The core of Black Uhuru is a vocal trio which is backed by a band comprising some of Jamaica's best studio musicians. The group's songs are more often minor-key chants framed by catchy refrains than conventional pop tunes. Their eerie, sometimes mournful quality suits lead singer Michael Rose's lyrics, which tend to dwell on adversity and struggle. Black Uhuru's approach succeeded brilliantly on their 1981 album, *Red*. Alas, the follow-up was the desultory *Chill Out* and now, after a lengthy silence, the group has released *Anthem* (Island), a mixed bag indeed.

The album's sound, harder and more angular than the "spongy reggae" (Rose's term) of previous records, relies heavily on synthesizers and electronically distorted vocals and on straightforward rock backbeats in addition to the familiar reggae syncopations. The results are occasionally exhilarating, but more often these touches prove gimmicky rather than innovative. For the first time Michael Rose hasn't written all the

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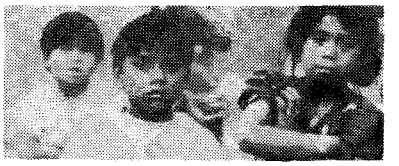

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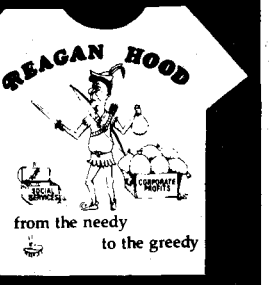

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songs; backup vocalist Duckie Simpson has contributed several of his unremarkable compositions. (Puma Jones, the third singer and one of the few women prominent in reggae, has yet to write for the group.) Although there's no shortage of good riffs and insinuating, melodic hooks here, the lyrics are vague, insubstantial and sometimes embarrassingly trite. (The best number, "Solidarity," was written by Steve Van Zandt, Bruce Springsteen's former E Street Band compère.) *Anthem* finds Black Uhuru coasting on tired formulas.

Linton Kwesi Johnson, an expatriate Jamaican poet who doesn't even consider himself a reggae artist, spends much of his time doing political work in London's black communities. Every few years, in defiance of the recording industry's constant demand for new "product," he makes an album of his poetry set to reggae music. *Making History* (Mango) is his first release in four years; but it was worth the wait. Johnson's record was easily the best reggae album of 1984, maybe the best since Black Uhuru's *Red*.

Not a singer, Johnson declaims his verse in cadences that ride the surging reggae rhythms. Since he uses the patois of working-class West Indians, one must listen closely to grasp the words. (The notes on the album jacket provide some assistance.) Johnson comes across as a sophisticated black Marxist who hasn't lost touch with the streets. He has no use for Rasta religiosity; on an earlier album he gently trashed the sect's penchant for foggy mysticism and its obsession with a mythical African paradise that supposedly existed before the white man arrived.

Making History is antiracist, proletarian reggae that you can dance to. "Wat About di Workin' Claas," Johnson's critique of Soviet-style socialism and Western capitalism ("di two a' dem di workers do contest") is set to a swinging, jazz-reggae arrangement spiced by blustery trombone and fluent guitar. "Di Great Insohreckshan," a salute to the 1981 uprising of blacks and some white youth in Brixton, a poor section of London, has a compulsive rhythm of the sort Jamaican musicians like to call "sticky." The stunning title track expresses Johnson's unsentimental faith in the ability of working-class people to transform their lives. The superb band, led by veteran reggae musician and producer Dennis Bovell, churns out a pumping rhythm punctuated by martial-sounding horns. The inexorable momentum of the performance evokes insurrection more powerfully than anything else in reggae or, for that matter, in rock or folkie protest music. When Johnson defiantly declares, "Now tell me something, mister right-wing mon!" he's chilling. When on other tracks he eulogizes his father, who died poor in Jamaica, or mourns the assassinated West Indian radical Walter Rodney, he's terribly moving.

Drawing upon the political and social struggles of his community—an extended one, to be sure—and portraying them with critical intelligence and passion, Linton Kwesi Johnson shows one way out of the reggae cul-de-sac. He says, enough of Sunday-school moralizing, enough of nostalgia for dead emperors, enough of abstract, unfocused protest. Let's talk about our lives now, what we need and how we're going to get it. No need to make self-deluding myths when we could be making history. □

THEATER.

PAUL BERMAN

Paris Plays

First impression on seeing Fench theater: they clap differently over there. Applause goes on endlessly, the way it does for music over here, but not for theater. The extended applause may not mean extended appreciation. The applause I heard was largely pro forma. But doubtless it heartens the actors, who get to make numerous curtain calls and are spared the experience of actors in New York, who are always stumbling out to the apron only to discover that the vast thunderous throng has stood up merely to button their coats and flee for the exit.

What were the Paris audiences clapping for? One evening a few weeks ago, it was for Michel Bougot in Strindberg's *Dance of Death*, directed by Claude Chabrol. Bougot played the vicious husband with more humor than one sometimes sees in this play, and with a lot of skill, too, mostly of a formal sort, so that one continually marveled at how well he squinted and rumbled his voice. But it wasn't a performance to rip your guts out, in this respect unlike a production I attended at a tiny kosher couscous establishment which cut my tour of

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Paris stages disastrously short. Dashed were my hopes of seeing the dreck operetta *Napoleon*, toward which the French masses are streaming in from the provinces.

But I did see a presentation at the Petit Odéon of *Adiedi* by Jelena Kohout, who like her husband, Pavel, is a Czech in exile. A man has trained his dog to speak, a deed so inherently suspicious it prompts the authorities to hound both man and dog. A Kafkaesque fable in short, and in long—digression being *Adiedi*'s principle flaw. But this is really a very good play, full of canine clowning and political meaning. The politics, which are abstractly antiauthoritarian, made me consider the influence of Eastern European protest on the Western theater, or on our social imaginations generally. This influence is of course very great. If you go to an idealistic political-minded play today, the likelihood exists that the play will come from Eastern Europe and will hang communism from the proscenium on the ground that anticommunism is, after all, antifascism, more or less.

Antimonarchism appeared in the performance I saw of Molière's *Le Misanthrope* at the Comédie-Française, where the production is said to represent something of a comeback for the Comédie and in any case conforms to the grand classic tradition. What gets hanged here is the hypocritical backbiting glad-handing ambition-ridden life at court. But the hanging is hardly very impressive. Molière's genius—what does it consist of? The play consists largely of set speeches, which were mostly recited by an actor who stood facing the audience, gesturing grandly to another actor who sat in a chair, also facing the audience. Sometimes, for variation, both actors sat and dispensed with gesturing. At one point nearly the entire court sat in a row, like guests at a talk show. Strange, wooden, inert, tomblike. But enlightening, for I've often wondered why the people in nineteenth-century French novels arrive late at the theater and spend their time scanning the boxes and balconies for the faces of courtesans, and worry about after-theater dinner, and in sum do everything at the theater but attend to what is occurring on the stage; and now I see. Then the play ended and the audience started to clap, quite as if no one had ever thought of rushing out to catch the last train to Croton. □

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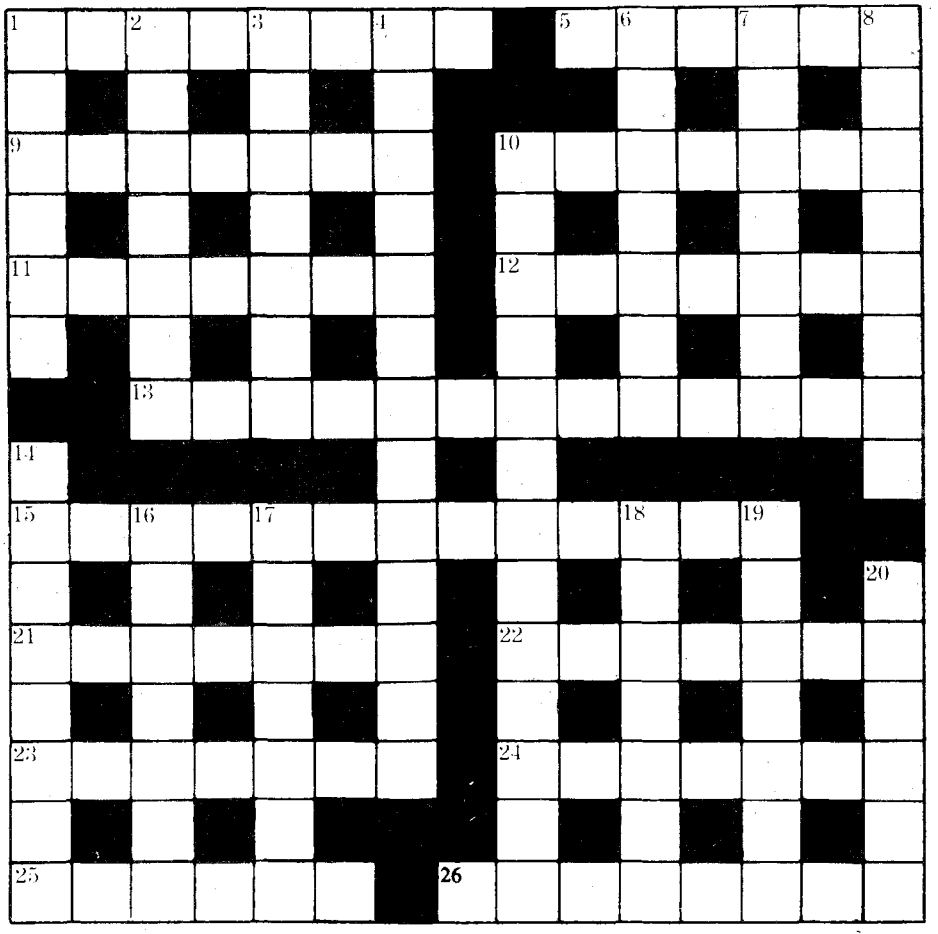

ACROSS

1 A drug on the market might still be good business here. (8)
5 Could one of Santa's helpers be renamed "breaker" today? (6)
9 Psalm one remembers having such a charitable type? (7)
10 Should imply a calm ocean, but it's not always. (7)
11 Masculine type at a good place to drive from, definitely sirenian. (7)
12 Abstract, to a point? Being just that! (7)
13 Here's the balance of the crew outing, possibly. (13)
15 China isn't all up in the air because of them—as some claim to have seen. (6,7)
21 It might be a movement, and something you might have put up at times. (7)
22 It isn't so dry on the mountain, obviously. (7)
23 Passes around the whole lot—and fools around with a large number of associates, too. (7)
24 Might one find a little ash here, or a little lime? (Possibly tender here, as far as the kids are concerned.) (7)
25 Can one be seen? Just barely! (6)
26 A retainer in my dorm, possibly. (8)

DOWN

1 Proving a certain book provides a few additional words with the rest being freely given. . . (6)
2 . . . while another book possibly contains one set time after another. (7)
3 Boss of the Happy Hunting Grounds. (7)
4 Not necessarily to the credit of the power company—though a certain type of valuable flower might provide them. (7,6)
6 A type of 4 at first goes to the island to accumulate something. (7)
7 Do trousers take such a beating? (7)
8 Are shaken up in the bad place mentioned in 6, but that's how some evidently enjoy themselves! (Make a second copy?) (8)
10 What the up-to-date editor strives for—and we sometimes have to change. (5,8)
14 Switch positions, from time to time. (3,3,2)
16 In a way, sang up high. (7)
17 Diplomatic representatives have sisters around the workers' group. (7)
18 This saying obviously has a point, covering a couple of beastly examples. . . (7)
19 . . . but the point seems to be in what we do with messages to make a little money. (7)
20 Such as the rainbow comes up over there, as they used to say. It might be red or blue or any color. (6)

PUZZLED?

No more cross words. If you don't see why "Lures" are "Ground Rules," send for those of Mr. Lewis to *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

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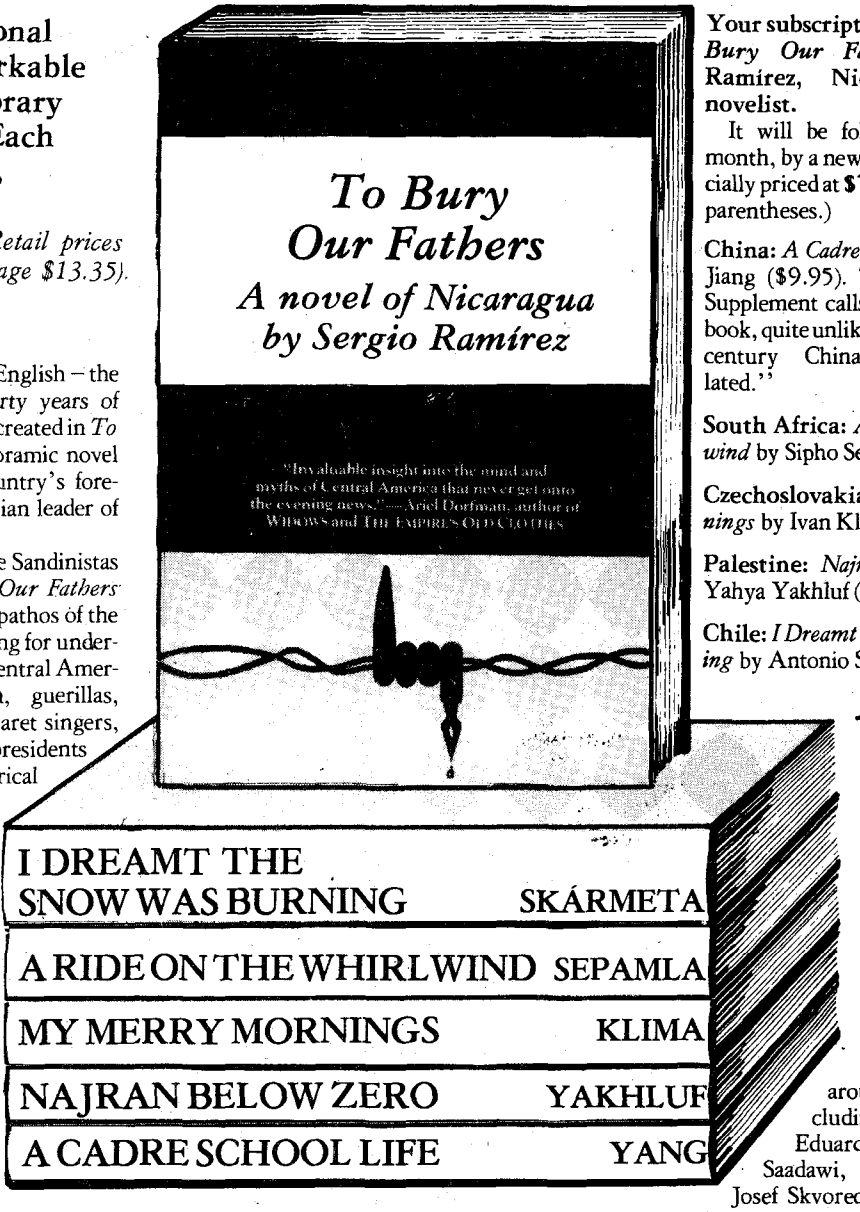
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